



A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

VOL. II.

J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER,
714 Montgomery St.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1886.

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[Extract from a discourse by Rev. F. H. Hodge, delivered at the recent Unitarian Convention.]

All affirmation involves negation, yet it is by affirmation rather than by negation that mankind advance. Progress in religion is primarily progressive apprehension of spiritual truth, and then more especially progressive application of Christian principles to the wants and well-being of the world in which we live. And here I touch another distinctive and noteworthy

phase of humanitarian religion—respect for this human world, with its needs, its claims, its vast resources, its infinite capabilities. The old religion regarded this world as merely an ordeal, and the life of man as probation and preparation for the world to come beyond the bounds of humanity. It flouted our earth as a vale of tears, never to be anything else, sin and sorrow its doom forevermore. The Christian was taught to despise it; to set his affections on things above, not in the sense in which, as I believe, the apostle used that phrase, but in the sense of a post-mortem expectation [laughter], interest in some transmundane sphere. A misapprehension of what Jesus meant by "the kingdom of heaven" detached it from the present and adjourned it to an unknown future. The Christian was taught to devote his attention to the saving of his own soul, to fit it for the sky, to secure to himself a happy lot in the world to come. As humanitarians, we have done with all that. We have come to see that our true concern is with this present world. Practically, we have nothing to do with any other. Whatever sentimental interest we may have in the hereafter, the sphere of religious obligation is here and now; and the poorest business that any man can engage in is the saving of his own soul in the sense which has been indicated. [Applause.]

When Clarkson, the philanthropist, was questioned as to the state of his soul, he replied that he had been too much occupied with the abolition of slavery to think about his soul. The best that religion can do for us is to draw us away from ourselves, to interest us in the well-being of our fellow-men, so to interest us that we devote ourselves, with mind and heart and hand, to beneficent action, to the mitigation of human suffering, to the education of society, to the abolition of vice and the sources of vice, the elevation of social aims, the discountenancing of frivolous fashions, the bridging of the gulf which separates the rich from the poor, the creation of such a force of public opinion as shall compel the rich capitalist to regard himself and to act as the steward and servant of those he employs [applause], and to make the accumulation of wealth the means and opportunity of a wide and redeeming character.

In such works and the fruit of such works, we seek the kingdom of heaven; and there we must find it, if we find it at all. As humanitarians, we believe that man is not saved by orthodoxy, but by orthopraxy; not by his creed, but by his affections, and the character resulting therefrom; in fine, that salvation is not an operation from without, but a growth from within. A life of service and of sacrifice is the only salvation.

CUSHING'S MANUAL IN COURT.—A raw citizen in Idaho was elected a justice of the peace, and the only law-book he had was a "Cushing's Manual." The first case before him was that of a cowboy, for stealing a steer. When the case was called the only lawyer in the little town was there to defend the prisoner. "As there is no counsel for the other side," he

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Will you allow me to tell a story, forgiving the personality of it, which occurred in the city where I belong? I had occasion to take my place in a street-car, before the famous cable road was so fully developed. It was a long, double horse-car, that would accommodate twenty people easily; and it was full. As I entered the car, I chanced to sit down by a man whom I had met in a casual way. He was a person who occasionally had moods of plain feeling, of mellowness of mind—with truth of wine, perhaps—still, a very worthy man, as I knew. He accosted me, calling me by name, and went on speaking in a loud voice that could be heard over the whole car: "Well, Stebbins, how are you?" "I am pretty well," I replied. "Stebbins," he said, "I like you. I always did like you. You are a man. I will bet my bottom dollar on you, but I don't go a cent on your religion. I am a Baptist myself." The car was brought down in a roar, at my expense, apparently. But I happened to have the good luck to turn the laugh on him. "I am glad you are a good Baptist," I replied. "Cold water is what you want." [Laughter.] We enjoy this freedom of being taken simply for men, and we have it more than do any other Christian teachers. I know many men who are good fellows, if you can get them out fishing. They behave very naturally out in the field; but, at home, they are theologically unnatural, altogether "too religious," in the sense in which St. Paul used that term.

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In the National Museum at Washington there is a pipe that belonged to John Brown and the rifle taken from Jefferson Davis when he was captured. They are labelled "The beginning and the end of the war."

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An Address, Delivered Before the State Meeting of Spiritualists, in Oakland, Cal., June 13, 1886.

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Progress is the watchword of the century—Progress in art and invention—Progress in intellectual and spiritual unfoldment—Progress in the discovery of what an eminent German professor designates as the 4th dimension of space, peopled with 4th dimensionable, or spiritual beings—a discovery as real and as susceptible of demonstration as was the discovery of a new world to the early navigators. It is to demonstrate this truth, and also to enlighten the people in the philosophy and teachings of the resultant facts thereof, that this platform has been erected and consecrated to the best inspiration of angel and mortal. Here among these grand old oaks, and beneath this snowy canopy, I doubt not are gathered on this beautiful Summer day a vast but invisible host, of your friends and mine, and many others, who have passed to the silent shore, all interested spectators of the ministrations of this hour. Spiritualism is on trial before the world. You, my friends, are its judge and jurors—we its humble advocates and defenders. Arrayed upon the other side are the conservatism of science, and all religions that are anchored to a dead past. Less than forty years have elapsed since the first tiny rap, indicating an intelligent power behind it, startled mortal ears. To-day Spiritualism numbers in the ranks of its believers millions of the brightest minds in the world.

The enlightened sentiment of the age revolts at the unreasonable dogmas of creedal institutions. It discards the idea of a special creation, the fall of man and a personal Devil. It rejects a vicarious atonement whereby one man's obligations can be liquidated by another's sufferings. It revolts at the idea of eternal punishment.

Who does not see that an infinite duration of punishment for a finite offence would be an act of infinite injustice—out of all proportion to the offence, however great it might be?

Suppose a man's life to be a perpetual iniquity from the cradle to the grave—that there was no good thing in him, and all of his acts were wholly vile (a condition of things that could only apply to a moral and physical monster), even then—assuming that he was wholly answerable for his conduct, which is an absurdity—there would be no justice in endless punishment. A few hundred millions of years, more or less, surely, ought to satisfy the most exacting Omnipotence.

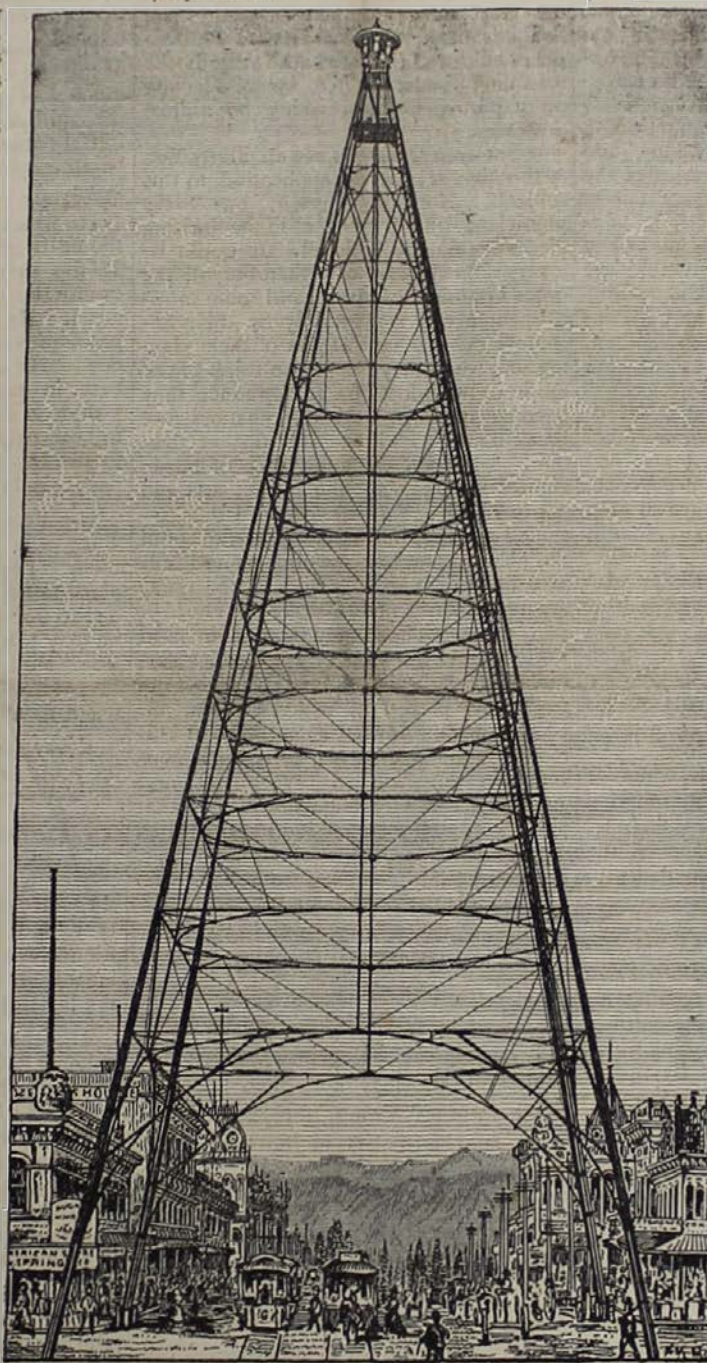
And yet, almost the entire Christian world believes that man's conduct during a few years of earth existence, regardless of the bias of birth or training, shapes his destiny for all eternity. No chance to repent, no possibility of reform, but forever and ever more torment unutterable as a penalty for disobedience! What a monstrous conception of the Creative Power, of the All-Father, who is ever working to perfect ends!

The distorted Christianity taught in all orthodox or evangelical pulpits to-day makes no allowance for misshapen or undeveloped moral natures—for inherited tendency to evil—but it condemns alike all sinners, consigning them to everlasting punishment, and saves all so-called saints who "believe and are baptised," whether they are worth saving or not!

How vastly different and more reasonable are the teachings of Spiritualism on this subject. All intelligent Spiritualists hold that nature, of which man is a part, is ever pushing outward and upward towards perfection; that man is a creature of birth and environment, with but very limited power of volition at best; that he needs to be taught—to be lifted up—to be redeemed; that this can not be done by exciting his fears, but rather by stimulating his higher or spiritual nature, and teaching him the better way.

And, then, Spiritualism teaches that man's opportunity for improvement does not end with his mortal existence; but that released from his physical body, with its

(Continued on Third Page.)



San Jose Electric Light Tower.

[The above tower was erected, in 1880, as a private enterprise, by the then editor of the *San Jose Daily Mercury* (the present editor of the *GOLDEN GATE*.) He was greatly assisted in his work by the advice of his spirit brother, D. D. Owen, communicated by independent slate-writing. The tower is located at the intersection of two of the principal business streets of San Jose, through which street cars run, passing under the tower each way. It is 200 feet high, with a base of 75 feet, and cost \$7,000. The structure is surmounted by six electric lights of four thousand candle-power each, and it is pronounced by all who have seen it as a work of great symmetry and beauty.]

White Cross Department.

[The Father's Love.]

"My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

1. —, promise by the help of God,
1. To treat all women with respect, and endeavor to protect them from wrong and degradation.
2. To endeavor to put down all indecent language and coarse jests.
3. To maintain the law of purity as equally binding for men as women.
4. To endeavor to spread these principles among my companions, and to try and help my younger brothers.
5. To use every possible means to fulfill the command, "Keep thyself pure."



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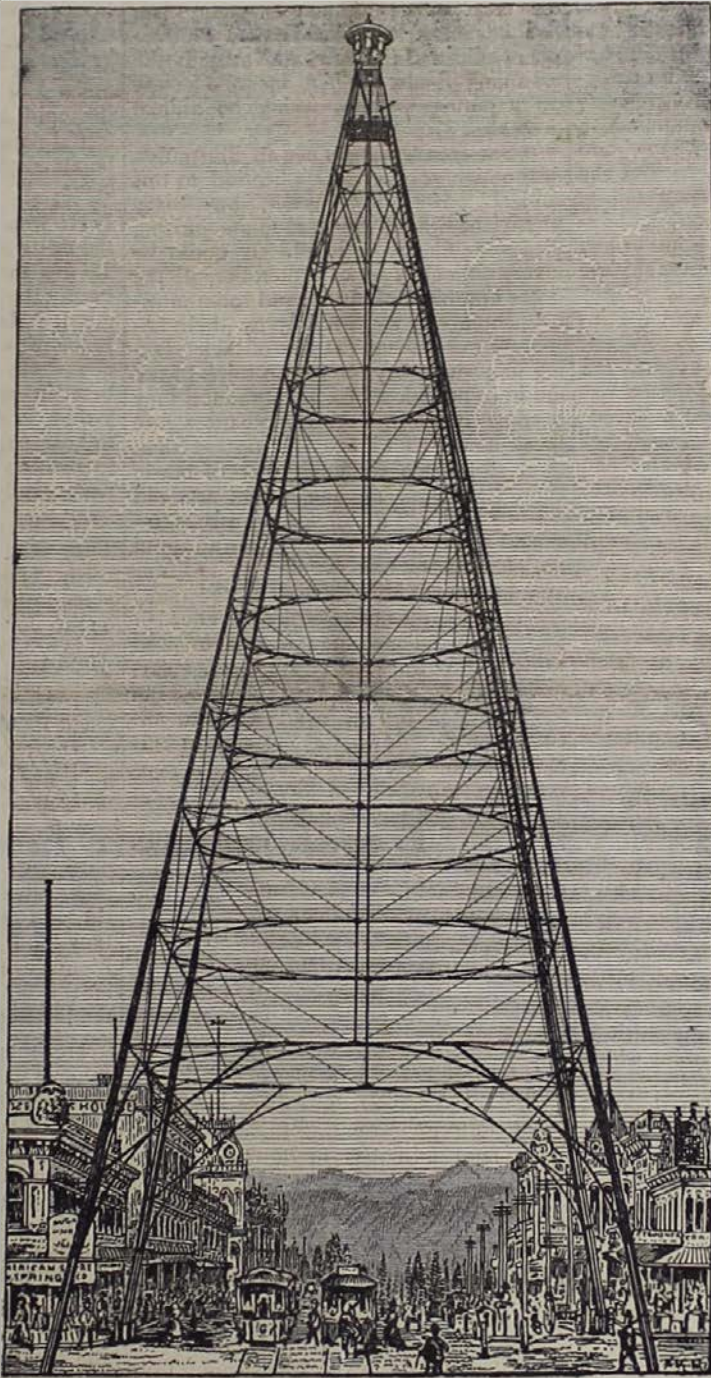
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Because my heart is pure."

1. I, —, promise by the help of God, to treat all women with respect, and endeavor to protect them from wrong and degradation.
2. To endeavor to put down all indecent language and coarse jests.
3. To maintain the law of purity as equally binding for men as women.
4. To endeavor to spread these principles among my companions, and to try and help my younger brothers.
5. To use every possible means to fulfill the command, "Keep thyself pure."

EXPERIENCE DEPARTMENT.

Singular Mental Illusion.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

In the Spring and Summer of 1849, while on my way to California on board the brig "Copiapo" from Panama, bound to San Francisco, I passed through an experience which has been of lasting value to me and made me partly to a phenomenon I could never fully understand. Finding ourselves in mid-ocean, (over 1500 miles out at sea) we made the discovery that we were "short of provisions." What was to be done we knew not; but after due deliberation, it was resolved that we should be "put on allowance," which being carried into effect, was one-half pound of "jerkie," (dried meat,) one pound of sea bread and one pint of water to the men for each day's rations. I will mention here that the sea bread was honey-combed with caterpillars, jerked meat the same, only for variety the caterpillars in the bread were white, while in the "jerkie" they were brown. The water was decidedly ropy; that is, if you attempted to pour any of it out of a tin cup, the whole mass was bound to go. We were on this allowance for seventeen days.

I can not say I felt hungry or thirsty during this time, but the feeling was indescribable, and must be experienced in order to understand it. (I do not advise any one to try the experiment.)

After some ten days had thus passed, this phenomenon occurred to me, and repeated itself every day, and as many times a day as I was inclined to submit to it: On seating myself in any easy position and closing my eyes I would see, first, away in the distance, tables laden with the choicest provisions, fruits and confectionery. Those tables would appear at every point of the compass all radiating towards me; then they would simultaneously commence to approach me. The nearer they came the more inviting and tempting the appearance. I do not remember ever seeing tables at any banquet more tastefully arranged or laden with more delicious viands. When quite near one table would seem to get the start of the others and would come close to me just within my grasp; perhaps on the end of the table approaching me would be a roasted turkey all stuffed and basted, with fork and carver all in place, while the head of the turkey seemed alive and able to speak, and, in the gentlest tones, would invite me to help myself. On attempting to obey the gentle voice the whole panorama would instantly disappear and I would look out "on old ocean's blue and melancholy waste," with such a feeling of disappointment that I can recall it to this day.

The next time the same thing would be repeated, yet constantly varied. Sometimes the tempting dish would be a boiled or a roasted pig, baked lamb or chicken pie, and each time I could remember the former vision, or dream you may call it if you please, and I would reflect on my former proceedings, and would be assured that I would be more successful this time. Sometime the proffered dish would approach almost to touching me, and I would reach my arms and hands around it to make sure that the prize was mine; but ever on making the effort to secure it the whole thing would disappear and elude my grasp.

I never was able to solve the phenomenon, but one thing I do know, that I made a solemn vow within myself that if ever I reached a land of plenty I would never complain of my lot, and I have kept my word; and I do believe I should have to be pretty badly off to be found complaining. Perhaps, "Shadows" can explain the phenomenon. If these troubles were not shadows what were they?

C. A. REED.

A "Spiritual" Puzzle.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

I observe from an extract in the *Religio* of Chicago that Charles Foster has, as is alleged, developed a gentleman in California as his medium, and in whose progress as such medium you are personally much interested. Now, at a former visit of Foster to this city many years since a very singular occurrence took place which would seem to reflect upon the genuineness of Foster's mediumship—at all events an occurrence which it would seem extremely desirable to have an explanation for—and it has occurred to me to write you a personal letter, reciting the circumstances spoken of in detail and ask you to make the endeavor, through this new medium, to obtain an explanation from Foster himself. If you are a constant reader of the *Religio* you will doubtless recognize my name as an occasional contributor to its columns, the latest being the article "Spiritualism—Slade." However, I allude to the fact only to convince you of my good faith in whatever I may now write. I therefore proceed with what may be termed my

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

As to dates I am not sure, but we will assume that Foster's visit to Bangor, of which I speak, occurred in 1867. Twenty-five years previous to that visit my mother's brother, then about twenty-one years

of age, left his house in Southport, England, more or less displeased with his family for some trivial cause, and announced his intention of seeking his fortune in Australia. Time passed and a letter reached those at home written by him in Australia, announcing his purpose in that letter of taking a certain steamer soon after with the intention of going to some other place than he was then in. From that time on for the next twenty-five years nothing whatever was ever received from, or heard of, this brother, whose name was William Marsh, except the fact that the steamer which he named as being about to embark upon was lost at sea upon the trip that he was to take. The natural supposition, of course, was, that he, the brother, had been drowned and he was given up as dead. So much for preliminary.

In 1867, or thereabouts, Charles Foster, the medium, came to Bangor, and among the private circles which he held was one at the house of B. B. Farnsworth, Esq., with whom my father was then engaged in business, but who had married my mother in England, years before. At the circle my father and mother were invited guests, though neither were avowed believers in Spiritualism. Suddenly Mr. Foster bared his arm and exhibited thereupon in red raised letters the name of "William Marsh," and asked if any present recognized the name, when, of course, my mother responded. She avows that at the time she was not thinking of her long lost brother, and neither is it thought that any other person in the assemblage was aware of the fact that she ever had such a brother. Foster proceeded to give a verbal communication from that brother by greeting his sister in affectionate terms, and he proceeded to say that he was drowned in Australia through the foundering of a steamer which he took for a voyage from one portion of Australia to another. In fact, his communication confirmed all previous suspicions, and much nonplussed my mother, because she was a skeptic; but she could not fail to regard it as a wonderful test of spirit presence, while others did the same when they were then for the first time told the circumstances.

Several years passed away, and the incident had nearly been forgotten, when, one morning, much to the surprise and amazement of my mother, a letter was delivered to her from that long believed-to-be-dead brother, who was *alive and well* in Australia; who had married and had children there; but through negligence, and possibly through indifference at first, had failed all those years to report himself, but who had at the solicitation of his wife, determined to renew his connection with his family. His photograph was sent at that time, and since then—now for several years—a regular correspondence has been maintained, and the receipt of papers is a weekly occurrence. The details of his life during all these years have been freely given, but are of no interest here. The only question of interest now is, where or how did Foster obtain the information possessed by him at the time of the circle, and how can the subsequent fact of the brother's continued life be reconciled with the mediumistic statement that he was then dead and purporting to be actually present as a spirit when it was given? That is to say, reconciled with *genuine mediumship*? And it is this glaring inconsistency that I seek from the spirit of Foster some explanation. Anything which you may obtain will be gratefully appreciated and acknowledged. Meantime believe me most sincerely,

Yours fraternally,

J. F. BABCOCK.

BANGOR, MAINE, May 28, 1886.

[Perhaps some of our correspondents can throw a little light on this subject. We shall submit the matter to spirit Charles Foster, through his medium, Dr. Stansbury, and shall hope to obtain a satisfactory explanation for publication. Our theory is, that some mischievous or "lying spirits," familiar with the facts, improved the opportunity to get in his work.—ED. G. G.]

A WELL-KNOWN FAMILY up-town has an eight-year-old urchin upon whom a revival at one of the churches has made a deep impression. He astounded his good mother the other night by saying, "Mamma, I'm going to church to-night to be converted." "Converted, Jimmy? Why, you do not understand what it means." "Yes, I do; and I am going to join the church and be a Christian hereafter." "If you do that you must give up dancing and going to the museum." "What is that? Must I quit going to the museum?" "Oh, yes." "Then," after a minute or two of earnest reflection, "I guess I'll go down and see the four-legged woman just once more before I am converted."

PERHAPS the most miserable people in the world are the very careful ones. You that are so anxious about what shall happen on the morrow that you can not enjoy the pleasures of to-day; you who have such a peculiar cast of mind that you suspect every star to be a comet, and imagine that there must be a volcano in every grassy mead; you that are attracted more by the spots on the sun than by the sun himself, and more amazed by one sere leaf upon the tree than by all the verdure of the woods; you that make more of your troubles than you do of your joys—I say, I think you belong to the most miserable of men.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

Independent of the Mind.

(Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.)

"Did it ever occur to you?" said a well-known local pianist, who spends considerable of his time in thought, "that muscles have a memory of their own, and that they perform their functions without special orders from the mind at times?"

"Well, yes," replied the writer, as he sat down at the piano, and unconsciously began exercising his muscles on the keys. "I don't suppose a Hungarian working in the ditch gives his arms special orders how to manipulate a spade, when he cuts a lump of terra firma."

"That's a very primitive illustration," resumed the other, at the same time closing the piano, locking it, and putting the key in his pocket, "and if you had trained your mind to pick out examples supporting arguments in a discussion, you would have dropped upon a much better one. For I assume that you are capable of understanding that when you follow your calling you would make a dismal failure if you had to interrupt the working of your mind each moment to tell your fingers how to make a letter. You must be aware of the fact that all you have to do in writing an article is to allow your thoughts full scope, and your fingers will put down the words, spelling and all correct, without instructions from the brain."

"When the human muscles perform their functions independently of the mind," he continued after a pause, "scientists call the action instinct. Whether that is proper or not I can't say, but it gives us reason to believe that man has more than one advantage above animals. Philosophers hold that the only advantage is the reasoning power, but here we see a faculty of acquiring instinct, which no animal possesses."

"But even writing is not an illustration of the highest order in application to this subject. Not only myself, but every physician, can tell you that in memorizing pieces the fingers do it all. It would be a very difficult feat to remember all the notes in a piece of music, and some musical people rely so certainly on their fingers for the mechanical part of their playing that when they happen to think of the music in the midst of a performance they become nervous, and the chances are break down. I will go still further than that. I learned a difficult piece of music eight years ago, lost the music, and did not see a piece for two years. I then resumed playing, but had forgotten all about the piece, when one evening while I was amusing myself at the piano in the dark, my fingers happened to strike the chord of that piece. Then they started in, and while I was thinking of the scenes surrounding the spot where I learned the piece, they played it, expression and all. I can now pull down the curtains of this room, blindfold my eyes, carry on a conversation with you on any subject, and guarantee that my fingers will play that piece with all the expression implied in its tones. This seems a remarkable feat, but there are few good musicians who will not agree to do the same."

Ecclesiastical Theology.

[Extract from a sermon delivered by Rev. Theodore Parker in 1859.]

I have preached against the errors of ecclesiastical theology more than upon any other form of wrong, for they are the most fatal mischiefs in the land. The theological notion of God, man, and the relation between them, seems to me the greatest speculative error mankind has fallen into. Its gloomy consequences appear: Christendom takes the Bible for God's word, his last word; nothing new nor different can ever be expected from the source of all truth, all justice, and all love: the sun of righteousness will give no added light or heat on the cold darkness of the human world. From portions of this "infallible revelation" the Roman Church logically derives its hideous and despotic claim to bind and loose on earth, to honor dead men with sainthood, or to rack and burn the living with all the engines mechanic fancy can invent or priestly cruelty apply; and hereafter to bless eternally, or else forever damn. Hence, both Protestant and Catholic logically derive their imperfect, wrathful Deity, who creates men to torment them in an endless hell, "paved with the skulls of infants not a span long," whereinto the vast majority of men are, by the million, trodden down for everlasting agony at which the elect continually rejoice. Hence they derive their devil, absolutely evil, that ugly wolf whom God lets loose into his fold of lambs; hence their total depravity, and many another dreadful doctrine which now the best of men blind their brother's eyes withal, and teach their children to distrust the Infinite Perfection which is Nature's God, dear Father and Mother of all that is. Hence, clerical skeptics learn to deny the validity of their own superior faculties, and spin out the cobwebs of sophistry wherewith they surround the field of religion, and catch therein unwary men. Hence, the Mohammedans and the Mormons draw their idea of woman, and their right to substitute such gross conjunctions for the natural marriage of one to one. There the slaveholder finds the chief argument for his ownership of men, and in Africa or New England kidnaps the weak, his

mouth drooling with texts from "the authentic word of God;" nay, there the rhetorician finds reason for shooting an innocent man, who but righteously seeks that freedom which nature declares the common birthright of mankind. It has grieved me tenderly to see all Christendom make the Bible its fetish, and so lose the priceless value of that free religious spirit, which, coming at first hand from God, wrote its grand pages or poured out its magnificent beatitudes.

"Spirit Side of Life."

[From a new work just issued in San Francisco, entitled, "Teachings from the Spirit Side of Life."]

He is wise that lives the way of peaceful harmony with those by whom he is surrounded. The time will arrive for the troubles of life to pass away; then to look back and contemplate the trials well borne, is a happiness in store for all who so bear them.

Seek honorably to obtain possession of this world's goods, for with them you can benefit yourself and others. But seek most of all the treasures that are eternal, and in this to succeed, let not every moment be spent in the accumulation of wealth that is often a fleeting possession.

Better the crust in peace than the fatted calf in contention. Let this be the motto of those who quarrel in the houses allotted to eating of the sustaining food.

He is in the path to the kingdom that believes that the things that become the soul in earth-life, will also become it in the spirit-life. He that seeks the kingdom by his pure conduct in the life that now is, shall find it when he passes to the life that is to come.

He cannot pass to the higher pleasures of this life who lives in a fretful state; how much less pass to the higher pleasures in the spirit-life, who takes with him the fretful nature. The spirit-life to such will be an unpleasant one until this is overcome.

He who seeks to live the peaceful way, should be able to live above all petty cares. To live in this way is to let nothing that cannot be avoided cause trouble in the mind. He that can thus live has the peace of soul that is conducive to happiness. He should say, "I have done the best in my power,"—having done it, "there is now only to bear." The resolve to bear patiently enables the spirit-guides to give the necessary strength, as it is the passive only that can so receive assistance.

He lives well who lives to do good. They who seek opportunities shall find them. The poorest can find the time and place to be of use to another. He is the one to do well that lives to this end, that he may teach others to live in the pure way. He is to be commended who leaves his own pleasure to seek the wicked to teach them the way to live.

Every soul shall bear its own burdens; let yours bear the burden of good deeds, not evil ones.

Let none think to escape trouble by putting the spirit out of the body; for they then have the added burden of a great sin, and must return to perform the duties they fled from. Let those, who have friends worthy to be loved, love them, and let this be known to them, that they may not be tempted to commit this terrible act.

He that has sent a lie to the spirit-spheres has let himself to evil. This is the price he receives, that his soul shall not pass to pleasant places; his life may never be to him a pleasure. As so many consequences follow such an act, it may take the eternal years to overcome them. If the one so sent to the spirit-world seems to be of little use in the earth-life, it is none the less a crime.

Let me impress the importance of prayer. Prayer is answered according to the laws of the creative power. Those who call for help shall receive it. To those who pray for good, attending spirits send the aid called for; and to pray for evil is not well, if the one who prays wishes peace; as such prayers put the evil to their tasks, as well as the good, and prayer for evil upon another rebounds to the one who so prays. The answering of prayer is a fulfilling of the law, not a change of any plan or law.

He is the one who lives in pleasant places, that has sailed over the waters of life where the seas ran high, that has sailed in troubled waters, but has kept his helm to the front. Let him who is so sailing, sail on. There is a port for him that will safely harbor his barque. He shall pass his immortal life in peaceful action. A sea becalmed is a peaceful sea; but a sea tossed by a favoring breeze is a peaceful sea to the grateful mariner.

Deep is the ocean that floats the ships from all nations. Mortal life is the ocean on which souls from the earth pass to their destination in the ocean of spirit-life. If some sail in the earth-life in the ship they are not able to manage, they will find in the spirit life are still unable to sail their craft in the waters in safety. For there are everywhere breakers in the earth-life; and in the spirit-life those who learned not to avoid them will find troubled waters in which to sail. The soul that cannot say, "I am the master in this craft," is the soul to be told, "Go learn to manage this craft before your time comes to sail on in the ocean of spirit life."

He is the proud soul that is so forgetful of himself that he finds pleasure in the joy of another. If the people knew the joy of doing this, their pleasures would be increased ten-fold.

PUBLICATIONS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS;

Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought,

By J. J. OWEN.

(Late Editor of the "San Jose Daily Mercury.")

SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

Following are some of the Press opinions of the first edition:

We consider the volume a most readable and useful compilation, in which the taste and ability of the able writer has been fully illustrated. Mr. Owen is editor of the *San Jose Mercury*, one of the leading newspapers of the State; edited with great tact and good management, and conducted with care and marked clear-headed judgment. His writings are always readable, terse, vigorous and clear-cut, and in the choice little volume before us, he gives us the very best flowers culled from the bouquet which his mind and brain have combined together.—*Spirit of the Times*.

It is calculated to elevate the mind above the mere greed for gain and momentary pleasures, and cause the thoughts to run in a more elevated channel. * * * It contains some magnificent gems, and is of that character that will command a place among the literature of the day.—*Pioneer*.

As to the contents of the book we can not speak too much praise. The selections are principally made up from the best things which have for several years been written for the *Mercury* by Mr. Owen. It is a collection of the beautiful thoughts—thoughts characteristic of the cultivated mind and warm heart of the author, clothed in the purest and best English. Mr. Owen, as a writer, has few equals on the Coast, and his "Sunday Talks" were penned in his happiest vein.—*Footlight*.

The compilation brings before us, in a compact form, the talented author's best and noblest thoughts on life and morals. Nothing in quiet hours will give more food for wholesome reflection than one of Bro. Owen's essays.—*Gilroy Advocate*.

The volume is made up of short editorials on thoughtful topics culled from the columns of the author's newspaper, which tell of studios application and observation, written in a pleasing and interesting style, and full of good "meat," with the intent of benefiting their minds.—*Carson Appeal*.

As a home production this collection of pleasing essays and flowing verse is peculiarly interesting. The author wields a graceful pen, and all of his efforts involve highly moral principle. Although these are newspaper articles published by an editor in his daily round of duty, yet when now bound together in one volume they seem to breathe more of the spirit of the cloistered scholar than is wont to gather round the ministrations of the editorial tripod.—*S. F. Post*.

Bro. Owen's ability as a prose and verse writer is unquestionably of a high order, and in thus grouping a number of his best productions into a compact and handy little volume, he has conferred a favor on many of the *Mercury's* readers, who, like ourselves, have read and appreciated the "Sunday Talks," and from them, perhaps, have been led to form a higher and more ennobling idea of the mission and duties of mankind.—*San Benito Advance*.

Owen has a poetic way of saying practical things, a neat and attractive way which makes them readable and easily assimilated and digested, and this volume should have a wide circulation.—*Foot Hill Tidings*.

The volume is readable and suggestive of thought.—*S. F. Merchant*.

They embrace editorials on miscellaneous subjects, poems, sketches, and short articles, and are really what he styles them, "Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought." The contents are as creditable to Mr. Owen's literary ability as the handsome looking volume is to the taste and resources of the *Mercury* printing establishment.—*S. F. Call*.

The articles in "Sunday Talks" are written in an easy, flowing style, enchanting the reader, and teaching grand doctrine. One lays down "Sunday Talks" feeling improved in spirit, with a renewed confidence in mankind and a brighter opinion of the world. The poems are beautiful, and one in particular, "Across the Bar," if name were not attached, would easily pass for the production of some of the noted poets of the country. The poems have a similar tone to the ballads of B. F. Taylor, one of the sweetest poets of America. "Sunday Talks" should have a large circulation.—*Watsonville Pajaronian*.

We have read the "Sunday Talks" and shall continue to do so, for let us open the book where we may we are sure to find something that makes us feel the better for reading; every article is the expression of the thoughts of a manly man to his fellow man.—*Monterey Californian*.

Bright, crystallized sunbeams, which gladden the heart, and give fresh inspiration to the soul. The few moments we allotted to their enjoyment have lengthened to hours, and with a sigh of regret we turn from their contemplation, only because the duties of the day have imperative claims upon our attention. These sunbeams have been materialized in the magic alembic of a master mind. A more beautiful, instructive and entertaining volume never was issued upon the Pacific Coast, or any other coast. Every page is gemmed with bright, sparkling thoughts, the sunbeams of a rarely cultured intellect. As we read page after page of this splendid volume, we are forcibly reminded of the impressions received from our first perusal of Timothy Titcomb's "Gold Foli," or Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." It is a work which represents the highest, purest standard of thought, expressed in the best-known language. It is one of the happiest contributions which our home literature has ever received.—*Santa Barbara Press*.

They are each and all of them full of deep thought, felicitous expressions, and clear insight into life and its needs and lessons. They are better than sermons, preaching purity and nobility of character in language too plain to be misunderstood, and too earnest to be forgotten. Throughout the volume are choice gems of thought in paragraphs, as pointed and pungent as those of Rochefoucauld, without any of the latter's infidelity.—*Fort Wayne (Ind.) Gazette*.

PRICE (in cloth), ONE DOLLAR.

(Continued from First Page.)

animal appetites and impulses, his chances for reformation are greatly increased; that none are wholly bad, and all are capable of spiritual unfoldment.

Time and opportunity only are wanting to make a fair article of saint out of the worst of sinners; and both will, no doubt, be afforded sometime and somewhere.

Pure Spiritualism and Primitive Christianity are so near of kin that they may well be regarded as one and the same. The former taught a religion of humanity, of brotherly love, and the uplifting of the spiritual nature of man. It taught the religion of the Golden Rule, and the practice of the largest charity in dealing with all sinful, undeveloped souls. Spiritualism emphasizes these same teachings, in the broader and better light of a far more enlightened age.

Primitive Christianity recognized an open doorway between the physical and spiritual worlds. It taught the "communion of saints," or intercourse between spiritual beings and mortals. It practiced spiritual or magnetic healing. It understood something of the laws of mediumship, the various phases of which is designated as "spiritual gifts," whereof, said St. Paul to his brethren, "I would not have you ignorant." "For to one," continues Paul, "is given by the spirit the word of wisdom . . . to another gifts of healing . . . to another the working of miracles, to another prophecy, to another discernment of spirits [that is, clairvoyance]; to another divers kinds of tongues [that is, the entrancement by controls speaking various languages]; to another the interpretation of tongues," etc. Spiritualism embraces all of these points and more. And indeed, greater things than these were promised by the great medium, Jesus, to his followers.

Now it is well known that modern Christianity recognizes none, or but very few of these "gifts." "These signs," said the great teacher, "shall follow them that believe: in my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." We wonder if our Christian evangelists would be willing to try the genuineness of their belief by any of these tests!

Spiritualists do not claim that they are able yet to survive the effects of deadly poisons taken into the system; but in the higher unfoldments of the spiritual nature we believe the time will come when the spirit in man shall so dominate the physical that "death, hell and the grave" shall be put under his feet. No one can wisely say that these things are not possible.

It is through many trials and hard struggles that man learns the better way of life. His appetites and inclinations, inherited and acquired, are often such cruel taskmasters, and have such dominion over him, that it seems impossible for him to break the chains, and, following the light within, rise to the higher levels of his being.

But comparatively few ever learn to walk in this better way; they grope along among the shadows of selfishness, and the retarding influences of unworthy things, ever unmindful of their duty to themselves and their fellow beings, until death steps in and closes out the opportunity for such unfoldment on this plane of existence as is best calculated to advance the spirit's growth on the next.

We are too apt to live as though this world were the utmost boundary of life—as though we were to remain forever in a mortal state, with the red tide of physical being ever ebbing and flowing through the heart, in the flush and potency of health and physical power. We build as for centuries of earthly existence, all unmindful of the fact that we can remain here only for a few years at most, and can take nothing with us of an earthly character into the life beyond—not a foot of land—not a dollar of hoarded treasure—not even the poor raiment wherewith we are clad.

Life is so grand a thing, when rightly lived—is so full of promise, of blossom and fruition, and is so prophetic of grander things to come—that it is indeed pitiful to see the frivolous manner in which many people manage to fritter it away. Take what the world regards as the most successful lives: They do but little good, often, as compared with what they are capable of doing—live far below their highest ideals—and finally pass on, leaving others to fatten in idleness upon the unimproved accumulations of their years of toil.

Prudent thrift, with a view to providing against the haps and hazards of existence, is ever commendable, but it should always be attended with thoughtful consideration for the welfare of others. No man can afford to live for himself alone. He is linked to his fellows by inseparable moral ties which he can not transcend or ignore, without serious consequences to his own future happiness.

And herein, it seems to us, consists the grandest mission of Spiritualism—to teach man his true relation with this world—his duty to himself, to his family, to society. While it is a glorious privilege to be able to know [that life is continuous upon another stage of existence, and that there we shall meet and know the loved ones whose earthly forms we have followed to their long home, yet those facts will keep for us, and await us when we lay down the burden of life, whether we know it in this life or not. Infinitely grander and more important to us, here and hereafter, is the truest adaptation of ourselves to

this stage of existence, and the best use of all our powers and faculties here.

Spiritualism, in its definite teachings of what is best calculated to enhance man's happiness in another life, can not but eventually so impress his nature here as to prompt him to most earnest endeavor in the uplifting of his own physical and spiritual nature, and in so shaping his life that the best results will follow.

Selfish man is ever seeking for an excuse to evade his responsibility to his fellow-men. Hence, the old question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" is ever rising in the heart; and so we shut our ears to the pleadings of distress—to the many demands and claims upon us as members of one family, whose interests and destiny are inseparably interlinked,—and go our separate ways through life alone. We leave the weak and overburdened to struggle on unaided, and "the cause that needs assistance" is often left to languish for the help we could readily bestow.

We can not with proper regard for our spiritual welfare separate ourselves from our common humanity—from the sympathy and good will that come of loving thoughts and kind acts. We can not wisely ignore the claims which the poor and unfortunate have upon us who are better able to contend with the hard conditions of life than they.

If this life were all, and existence ended with the last sleep,—even the compensating joy of generous deeds—the blessings and prayers of a grateful humanity,—would bring ample satisfaction to the soul, if we could but realize how great the present reward in doing good to others.

But as this is not all, and the soul lives on, with memory sharpened by the clearer and more active energies of the spirit, how sad must be the recollection of wasted opportunities—of the good we might have done. How all-important, then, that we make the right use here of every means within our reach. If we have been successful in life, in a worldly sense, so much greater the responsibility resting upon us. It is then we become stewards of the living Christ—custodians of his earthly treasures.

We can not escape the conclusion that we are our "brother's keeper," in the highest sense. We owe him our love in his strength, our protection in his weakness. Our duty is never done while the heart hungers for a gentle word, or while wretchedness and misery exist in the land.

Only a little while and the clouds of the valley will cover "the last of earth." To many of us the race is nearly run and the goal in sight. What more we do must be done quickly ere clouds and thick darkness encompass our way, and we stumble and fall, to rise no more till the shadows are past.

And then, in the clearer light of the new day it will be well with us if we can say to our questioning souls, "I lived up to my highest ideal of right and duty—I did my best."

There are many good people in the world—people interested in all manner of work for the uplifting of humanity—of work even of a spiritual nature, and in which Spiritualists take especial delight—and yet who are so afraid that they may do something whereby somebody may suspect them of leanings toward Spiritualism, that they deprive themselves of much of the joy they might feel, and the good they might do.

Such people are not to be blamed, as they have doubtless obtained their ideas of phenomenal Spiritualism from erroneous and unfriendly sources, and hence have come to look upon it as something to be shunned. Even the name, which is one of the purest and sweetest in the English language, is something of terrible import to them. And yet what is any religion worth with its Spiritualism left out? A sky without its sun—a night without one redeeming star.

Spiritualism, in its true sense—in the sense which we attach to it—means all good to all mankind. It reaches out into the churches and claims all true spirituality embodied in their teachings. It goes down into the hearts of men, ever inspiring to noble thoughts and generous deeds. It enters the circles of business life, and prompts to upright action in commerce, in trade, and in industrial pursuits of every kind. It takes up its abode in the home, and inculcates the purest philosophy of life and happiness. And in addition to all this, it brings a new revelation to man,—the positive assurance of another world as a spiritual supplement to this world, and a blessed communion with the inhabitants thereof, of whom are those who were once near and dear to us.

We can not see what there is in all or any part of this kind of Spiritualism that good people should shrink from. And yet it is the only kind we recognize. That is not Spiritualism that lowers the standard of morality, that countenances wrong of any kind, or that feeds forever in open-eyed wonderment upon phenomenal sensation, without an effort at spiritual culture or advancement. There are many good Spiritualists who never witnessed a spiritual manifestation of any kind; who know nothing of seances, or circles, or mediumship. They have all the evidence they need within their own souls, and they ask for no more.

Wherever such may be found, within the churches or out, we are one with them in all good works, in all spiritual aspiration and growth, and they can not reject us, for we are all of one family, and joint heirs to the same glorious inheritance. Whoever loves his fellow-man, seeking his highest good; whoever would seek for the

best in his own life, is our brother, to whom Spiritualism extends the right hand of fellowship.

While the church has done many wicked things in the past—it imprisoned Galileo, burned Servetus, and subjected thousands of heretics to the rack and thumb-screw to convince them of the beauties of the gospel of Jesus!

We must remember that was in an age of moral darkness, long before man entered upon his heritage of intellectual and spiritual liberty. What is the use of harping about it forever? Why go back, groping amid the sepulchers of the past, while the present is flooded with such glorious sunlight? The church does not do those wicked things to-day, and it has no word of justification for the many dark deeds in its history. It has advanced with the advancing thought of the age, and is honestly engaged, to the best of its ability, in ameliorating the condition of mankind. It may not be putting forth its best efforts, but it is doing the best it can in the light of its history and surroundings. We might as well denounce our present civilization because our Puritan forefathers burned witches, and whipped Quakers through the streets at the tail of a cart.

The true way of human progress is to look to the front, and march straight forward in the path of duty. Leave the dead past alone with its dead—alone with its hideous shapes of error that have been buried forever. We know how terrible has been the struggle with ignorance and superstition that poor, benighted humanity has been compelled to endure in its out-reachings for the light. The path of progression, all along the ages, has been en-gauged with the blood of martyrs innumerable. But that is all in the past; let it be forgotten—as the spiritually unfolded man would forget the follies and sins of his youth.

The time has come when in the progress of enlightened thought, and in all reformatory efforts for the betterment of the race, all good men and women, of whatever race or religion, should stand shoulder to shoulder. Bickerings in the matter of creeds should cease; and especially should Spiritualists be willing to recognize the good in all religions, and take by the hand whoever loves his fellow-men.

It does no good to bewail the past, either in individual experience or in the life of the world. If thy sins beset thee, cast them off, and rise in the sovereignty of a soul redeemed, not through the death of another, but through the transcendent powers of your own immortal spirits. Who would consent to live a slave to any hurtful habit or appetite, advertising himself to the universe as one fit only to obey, and never to govern others. Who would rise with a risen Christ to dominion and power in spiritual things must first become master over himself—sovereign in the realm of his own spiritual nature.

"Enter the path." It leads to health and peace, and to that spiritual unfoldment wherein one can find no time or inclination to look back—no desire to see aught but the bright side of life and the good there is in all humanity.

We can not afford to be uncharitable, or think unkindly of any fellow-being. We did not have the making of ourselves nor of our surroundings. We are what we are, mainly, if not wholly, as the result of conditions for which we are not responsible. The best of us can well afford to be humble, and thankful for the favorable environments that have made us what we are.

We must remember that the most debased and undeveloped soul in our midst is a creature of the same All-Father with ourselves, and that the reason we are not like him is because of our superior conditions of birth and education. This fact should take from us all thought of self-laudation, and make us gentle and charitable towards all others less favored.

Judgment can only belong to the Infinite. We can not stand in the place of the wrong-doer and know just what propelling motives—of heredity, of defective organization, of unfriendly circumstances—may be pushing him forward into evil ways.

And then there is only one way to make the world better—only one road to salvation—and that is by the Christ-spirit of love and good will to man. The gentle admonition, the word of thoughtful and loving sympathy, the outflowing of a broad and generous humanity, will melt the most obdurate nature, when condemnation, and arrogant assumption of superior goodness, will harden and repel.

Every enlightened Spiritualist fully understands that no man can escape the consequences of his acts. There is no shirking of responsibilities in the life to come. Whatever duty he leaves undone here will follow him like a haunting spectre into the world of spirits, claiming full and faithful performance there. And then who knows what obstacles and difficulties may lie in the way there?

We should make this life a perpetual song of joy, and then the next will be sure to be full of melody. Heaven is not far off—not a place to be reached only by passing through the "valley and shadow of death." It belongs to us here, and is within the reach of all. We have but to set up the kingdom in the heart, and it is there with all its gates of pearl, its jasper walls, and its streets paved with gold.

We do not believe in waiting for the beatitudes until Death has set his seal upon the lips. We would anticipate death by a long ways, and carry our happiness with us. And this we can best accomplish by making others happy. It is the reaction

of the good we do to others that fills our own souls with glory, and strews our pathway with flowers.

The present moment is the only measure of time of which we are positively sure. If we live our best for that one moment, make it full of sunshine and heaven, an eternity of happiness is ours.

The moral heavens are luminous with new and wonderful lights dawning upon the world. And yet there are but comparatively few who can behold them, for their eyes are covered with the scales of material things. Their lamps are without oil, and they are not prepared for the marriage feast.

The demonstration of spirit existence is the most stupendous fact of the century, and of all centuries. It is the proof palpable of eternal life—the joyful answer to the prayer of the ages for light beyond the grave. To the heart hungering for spiritual food it is a royal banquet of precious things. And yet the lamps of the multitude are without oil; they can not comprehend this wonderful truth. To many it is of no significance that the spirit survives the dissolution of the body. Of what use are the spirits to them if they can not be made to serve them in sordid ways?

But now, as ever in the past, the marriage feast is for those whose lamps are trimmed and burning, and are ready to enter in. If we would be of that happy number we must see to it that we "be not ignorant of spiritual things,"—that our lamps are well filled with oil.

Society is sadly out of tune—no more so, perhaps, than it ever has been, but there is evidently much that needs improving and modifying. Wrongs exist on every hand that need righting, and no doubt always will until humanity in its entirety shall ascend to far greater heights of wisdom and purity. And herein we catch the glimmer of an idea of the true remedy for all the ills that beset the race.

In the struggles between labor and capital, in the grinding processes of competition, in the fierce rush and excitement of trade, the mad whirl of commerce, the attrition and inharmonious of social life,—in all the irregularity and jarring that exist in the world, man is perpetually taxing his brain for a remedy, and is perpetually overlooking the only one that can bring order and harmony out of the chaos of the elements, amid the wild throes of which, at times, society seems likely to be engulfed. We are ever blindly seeking to purify the stream, all unmindful of the fact that the real trouble lies at the fountain head.

All efforts put forth for the amelioration of the condition of society—for redeeming human wrongs—that do not find their center and circumference in the spiritual uplifting of man are simply efforts wasted—a mere tinkering with effects while the cause remains untouched. In the light of this fact how vain seems most of the efforts now put forth for the correction of existing evils.

In proportion as man becomes spiritualized—upborne from the mire of his own selfishness and narrowness, and brought into harmony with the diviner laws of his being—just to that extent does he become just, and when he becomes truly just he can do no wrong to any one. Then, too, will be brought into active use all the nobler and more beautiful faculties of his higher nature—charity, gentleness and brotherly love,—radiating society with the glow of omnipotent goodness.

Take, for illustration, the evils of pauperism, insanity and crime, mainly resulting from intemperance (and we may add, also, much of the hardship and poverty endured by large numbers of the working classes),—and any attempt to abolish these evils without first abolishing the traffic in intoxicating drinks, and closing up the whisky dens, as a first and most important step to the betterment of the condition of the classes affected thereby, is simply a waste of time. We might as well attempt to bail out the ocean with a sieve.

And so it is with all wrong, oppression, and evil of every kind that exist in the world. The fault lies in the undeveloped spiritual nature of man—not in his intellectual unfoldments; for unless the intellect is dominated by the higher spiritual powers of his own soul—by love and charity divine—it becomes, with development, a greater tyrant of oppression.

Spiritualism, in its higher unfoldments and teachings, is just what the world needs to beautify and glorify the race, and to bring about that condition of justice and harmony wherein every man, woman and child will be protected in every right to which God and nature entitle them. Whatever leads to the unfolding and uplifting of the spiritual nature of man we hail as a divine help; but where can we look for it to so great an extent as in the grand philosophy that teaches an actual knowledge of a future life, and the best line of conduct here to secure the highest advantages of that life?

How few there are who know what is meant by spiritual growth. It is something we see but little of in the crystallized forms of belief of the present day. A man may be so overburdened with piety as to be wholly oblivious of his duty to his fellow-men.

The world needs a universal baptism of spirit power; man needs to be brought into close and sympathetic communion with the higher spirit intelligences, and with the Eternal Spirit of Goodness that fills the universe, and unites all spaces in everlasting unity; he needs to rise up in his own angelhood—in the exaltation of his own God-given spiritual powers, and in the

majesty of his own divinity, place all evil and wrong-doing under his feet.

Investigators in the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, who surrender their individuality, and implicitly follow the dictation of the spirits in business matters—or in matters of human judgment wherein mortals are expected to rely upon themselves,—are very apt, sooner or later, to find themselves disappointed.

While it is no doubt true that spirits do sometimes interfere in business affairs—for instance, where some struggling mortal, driven to his last extremity, has exhausted every resource of his own, and knows not which way to look for help,—it is then that they may come to one's assistance. They have certainly done so in numerous instances that we could relate. But no one should plan business affairs with reference to their assistance, nor seek advice of the spirits in such matters with a view to profiting thereby.

They can know no more, probably, than ourselves,—possibly not as much,—concerning our personal business affairs. But if they knew more, and could advise us to our temporal gain, they may see that it would not be to our spiritual advantage that we should profit by their superior knowledge. The accumulation of property is of infinitely less advantage to a mortal than the acquisition of spiritual treasures, that will constitute a permanent bank account for one to carry over into the next life.

If spirits would lend themselves to mercenary purposes—would tell us what stocks to buy, or what horse to gamble on; if they would inform us when to "sell short," or what numbers would win in the next lottery, we have no doubt Spiritualism would soon have a large accession to its ranks. But who does not see that this would be positively dishonest? It would be to eliminate the law of chance, as well as personal judgment, from business transactions, and place the buyer at the mercy of the seller, or vice versa. It would be the same in character as playing with loaded dice.

It is well for the world that the spirits have other uses for us, and a higher idea of their own mission,—than to be made catpaws for personal greed,—that is, the better class of spirits. Those who would consent to be used for the base purpose of man's earthly aggrandizement are not usually of a kind that it is safe to trust.

We should carry into the investigation of Spiritualism the same good sense we are supposed to apply to any other intellectual pursuit, never for a moment surrendering our individuality, and ever weighing all things by our own best judgment. We should also bear in mind that the growth and unfoldment of our spiritual natures—the cultivation and calling forth of our higher faculties,—is the grand object to be sought for, and to which all things else should be made subservient.

Entered upon in this spirit, and ever with an aspiration for the inbreathing of the Divine Spirit,—with hearts aglow with love for the good, and our fellow-beings,—Spiritualism becomes a lamp to the feet, a joy and a comfort to the soul, beyond all that words can express.

There are yet to be found people, with some claim to intelligence, who know, or think they know that mediumship is all jugglery, and Spiritualism a humbug. They do not hesitate to proclaim their assumed knowledge to the world, at all times and seasons, and always with a bigotry of prejudice that, to the really thoughtful mind, robs their assumptions of all weight or influence.

You know, Sir Oracle, that Spiritualism is a cheat and a delusion? Well, how do you know it? Simply because you have never had any proof of its genuineness,—by not knowing it to be true! That, in the nature of things, must be the extent of your knowledge upon the subject. How then can you presume to say that others have never had that proof?

If such cavilers at our facts could only realize fully what their thoughtless negations signify—if they could be made to "see themselves as others see them"—that they are simply publishing their ignorance to the world, and emphasizing and clinching it in a manner that no one with a modicum of common sense would for a moment be guilty of—they would deny with less positiveness.

The phenomena upon which Spiritualists base their knowledge of a future life are familiar to millions of honest and conscientious people. These phenomena are not speculative, nor are they based on second-hand information. They are positive facts, that have been brought home in many ways to the individual consciousness of those who accept their truth. For one who simply knows nothing about it to assert that all of these people are deluded—the victims of deception,—would be about equal to declaring that the sphericity of the earth is a delusion of the astronomers, or that the multiplication table is a mathematical fallacy!

Skeptics seem to overlook the fact that Spiritualists are fortified in their belief by something more substantial than faith or tradition. They know whereof they affirm. Hence, it is impossible that they should be reasoned out of their convictions. No amount of argument can shake their conclusions. Encased in the impregnable armor of facts, the least among them can put a host to rout.

Our "smart" opponents, who denounce and deny as glibly and earnestly as though they were affirming a fact of which they had positive knowledge, have yet to learn how very little their denial affects a great

(Continued on Fifth Page.)

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NEGLECTED DUTIES.

The world is full of suffering and tears—of starved bodies and hungry souls—of pain, anguish and wretchedness untold. There are homes innumerable where no love sheds its hallowed light and warmth—hearts unnumbered perishing for want of the bread of life. There are overburdened lives struggling with hard misfortune for a bare and unblest existence—so many that the heart and hand that fain would assist faint and grow weary before the stupendous task.

In view of all this anguish and unhappiness, can any one, blessed with abundance and with the power to console and soothe others' woes, doubt the uses to which the angel world would devote him and his means? Can any one, who has it in his power to assuage a single sigh of sorrow in a fellow-being—to carry a solitary ray of sunshine to any human heart—wonder for what purpose he was brought into the world?

How bright and beautiful a thing is life when rightly lived, even the lowliest—how full of blessing and joy to the world. There is not a flower that blossoms by the wayside—not a bird note that thrills the air—that does not add something of gladness to the world. So is it true that there is no life so humble that may not be fraught with blessings to other lives.

In the light of this thought why should any repine? What though misfortune come,—what though poverty, sickness and even death, the common lot of all? There are calamities infinitely worse than any or all of these. It is that growing hardness of heart, that indifference to another's woe, that is callous to every emotion of tender sympathy, and that moves one on through life encased in a shell of selfishness so dense that the sound of the angel voice can never penetrate it.

The spirits tell us that the work we neglect to do here—the good we fail to perform—will have to be done there, before we can hope to progress to a higher life. They tell us, also, that in the performance there of neglected opportunities in this life, we shall necessarily be placed at a great disadvantage,—that it may take ages there to accomplish what can be done here in years; that is, in the performance of duties left undone.

This, if true,—and we can see no good reason why it may not be true,—places upon every human being a most serious burden of responsibility. If he would rise quickly in the Great Beyond to the companionship of the great and good, and to the enjoyment of spiritual delights that can only come of right living and right doing, he must be up with the lark, and patient and persevering in every good word and work to the end. With many the day waneeth and the night approacheth, and the task is yet all undone. But a little while and the shadows will thicken around. May the morning find us fresh and rested to move on to new victories of the soul.

WISDOM.—A Justice of Connecticut has lately shown uncommon sense and good judgment, by giving a drunkard his choice between enlistment in the regular army and going to jail. Alcohol not having quite stole the man's brains away, he chose the former alternative, and was at once enlisted at Fort Schuyler. Liquors are nominally prohibited among the soldiery, and the exceptions that occur are not so frequent as to abolish the rule. No better place could be selected for inebriates than the regular army. If they have the least desire to reform, they would find as much, if not more, aid in the military ranks than in any reformatory institution. The discipline in all respects can not be other than helpful and strengthening to that class of men not qualified by nature to do anything for themselves, or keep out of trouble, as citizens. Sending men to jail is only to confirm their moral weakness, since it stamps out what little self-respect they may have had.

WHY?—The Colonial and Indian Exhibition is now in brilliant progress in London. The scene in Albert Hall is described as dazzling in the extreme. To be sure! All that is not brilliant and fascinating is kept out of sight in such places. They are not for displaying defects and failures, but success and perfection. Perhaps it is enough that the newspaper world gives daily descriptions of human faults and failures; and very likely they have done the subject of British rule in India full justice in depicting the degradation and misery that have come to the masses since the Queen became Empress of India. We are rather inclined to think that the trodden down natives of the golden India of song, would be surprised to behold the exhibit of articles from their country now being exhibited in the British capital. They would wonder, at least, why it is, that amid such resources of wealth and luxury, they must go forth in nakedness, spit upon and kicked about by the British soldiery, in a manner from which the very dogs are exempt.

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

We always hang our pictures in the best light. "Ought we not," as Emerson says, "to be as courteous to our fellow-beings as to a picture?"

There is a good and a bad light in which to judge all humanity. In the former, the better points are brought out and made conspicuous, and we see only the bright side of our fellow-beings. In the latter the lights are all obscured, and the darker shades are made prominent.

Some people seem ever to be groping among the sewers of human nature, and with a muck-rake of vile imaginings are ever searching for the evil there may be in their fellows. The good and beautiful interest them not; it is only the bad that they take a sort of a miserable pleasure in—just as the vulture stretches forth its ugly neck, and spreads its foul wings at the sight of carrion. They live to denounce and pull down, rather than commend and assist their imperfect and erring fellows into better ways of life.

This is a sad picture, and one we would gladly turn our eyes away from, to gaze on one placed in a better light, where we can gladly contemplate the angel side of man. If we think well of our fellow-beings, and do not hesitate to give expression to our thoughts, we naturally excite and call forth good thoughts in the minds of others; and this naturally stimulates them to prove themselves worthy of such good opinions. And thus the world is made better.

We pity the man or woman who has ever some unkind suspicion of, or uncharitable expression for, some fellow mortal. They are out of harmony with the divine spirit of goodness which is ever reaching down to enfold in its loving embrace every soul that would aspire to the higher life. They live in an atmosphere full of noisome odors and poisonous emanations; while just beyond, on the mountain top, they could enjoy the delicious ozone of the gods.

No man or woman, however noble or worthy, is exempt from the mischievous suspicion of evil minds. Envy and jealousy—those twin demons of low and grovelling natures—are ever ready, by hint and innuendo, to pull others down to their level.

To repeat a vile report of another, is almost as bad as to originate it. If true, nothing is gained by spreading it, while great harm comes to those who allow themselves to be made a channel for such moral sewage.

We should lift ourselves above such things, and school our minds to think only of the best side of humanity. We should take the advice of the wayward and erratic Steerforth, in "David Copperfield," when he appealingly urged his friend, "Daisy," to "think of him at his best." We should get much nearer to heaven than we are if we could only and always think of our fellow-beings at their best.

TRADITIONAL POWER.

Did it ever occur to you how largely traditional our existence is? How much of thought and act, of habit and custom, are simply a modern transmutation of the old and by-gone? Would you believe that life to-day is a very legible index of life that has been lived long ago? The same in substance, though now manifest under the variations of forms and postures. Types of life, castes of intellect, modes of being, are handed down the graded ages with as much individuality as generations of peculiar blood. In a very profound sense, each age reproduces the antecedent ages, though under the construction of differing conditional states. In the body of to-day you can trace the anatomy of the past. We grow in our way, under our regime, the cuttings that have been grafted upon us by those before us. This is a truth that grapples the very core of human progress, and deals with its countless issues.

We stand to-day, in this nineteenth century, the representatives, in a large measure, of century number one, and of all the rest. Changes have always been at work, it is true; but if you will accept the paradox, very much is but a changeless change after all. We recognize the life that made its record four thousand years back as familiarly as we do our own. And this is so, because in great essentials we reflect that life, we live it. The worst things and the best things that have ever appeared in human nature are just as certainly in it to-day, openly or covertly, as the contingencies of our present being require them to be. We interpret with accurate intuition through our life the life of the oblivious ages. And this, too, because of the kinship between us, no matter if many generations have intervened. Mankind have always been singing in the grooves in which they have been spinning by those who have passed on before them.

Hence, in this sense the traditional in life is inevitable. And so looking into the past for knowledge we say radical humanity has been and ever will be transmitted—handed down; and from this there has grown, naturally, a traditionalism that is hurtful to life. For our best good we live too much traditionally. We think and act as we have been taught, to the sacrifice often of our judgment and inward conviction. We take the crutches that have been manufactured for us and we go hobbling through life on them. In large masses people are swayed irresistibly by the impulses of traditionalism. We are raised on traditional milk, and we feed it to our children. All traditionalism is not wrong. Some is right; is helpful. Some of the life received from others should be incorporated with our own. We are compelled to teach as we have been taught to

some extent; but the discrimination absolutely necessary to be made is the truth to imbibe from this great race-fact. It is the hurtful and not the beneficial; the ephemeral, not the everlasting; the changeable and not the immutable that we traditionalize to our incalculable harm. New light, new truth and new life must not be obscured by the narrowing horizons of the past. To discriminate and avoid danger is our task, our responsibility; yes, and our privilege.

A PHENOMENAL SUCCESS.

The State Camp Meeting of Spiritualists at Oakland, is proving a phenomenal success. No such audiences have ever been addressed by any Spiritualist lecturer on this coast, as Mr. Colville is addressing daily at the Camp. On Sundays, especially, the crowds are simply immense. On Sunday evening last he addressed over sixteen hundred of the most intelligent and cultured people of Oakland and San Francisco. His subject was "Evolution in Religion." The vast audience listened with rapt attention to his smoothly-flowing periods, freighted as they were, with grand thoughts, and they went to their homes hungry for more.

There were also large audiences at both the morning and afternoon services of that day. The morning discourse was by the editor of this journal. (At the request of many friends we give it a place in this issue of the GOLDEN GATE.) In the afternoon Mr. Colville addressed a large concourse; but the grand event of the day was the evening lecture.

The interest in these meetings is steadily increasing. The tent was enlarged last week to admit several hundred additional sittings; but that was found to be wholly inadequate to meet the demand, and another enlargement has been made during the past week. If the interest continues to increase to the end, as it has begun, the entire lot upon which the meetings are held will hardly be large enough to accommodate the multitude that will be likely to assemble on the closing Sunday, July 4th.

Mr. Colville is surely doing a good work for the cause of Spiritualism in this State. The field is ripe and ready for the sickle, and the harvesters are few. Such a helping hand at this time is most timely.

MEDIUMS AND INSANITY.

Announcement was made a few days ago, in the New York Tribune, of the harmless insanity into which Home, the distinguished Spiritualist and medium, had recently lapsed, at his residence in Paris. Connecting this alleged fact, which is probably true, with the death of Charles Foster, which occurred within a brief period, at an insane asylum, the Tribune's correspondent pronounces it, "a remarkable fact in the history of Spiritualism, that two of its most gifted mediums became insane." In reprinting this item among its special dispatches, the Chronicle of this city gives it this heading, "A Victim of Spiritualism." In both of the publications to which reference has been made, undisguised animosity to the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism is co-equal with the purpose to furnish news. This intent to cast hurtful reflection on the benign results of Spiritualism is not alluded to, as usual, but simply to comment on the absurdity and unsoundness of the aspersion.

The sensual appetites that governed Foster always have been, are now, and will continue to be prolific feeders of insane asylums. There is not the remotest evidence that Foster would have died anywhere but in an asylum had he been totally devoid of mediumistic power. All medical and sanitary experience will attest the fact that sensuality is a sure precursor of mental derangement. Spiritualism cuts no figure in connection with the death of Charles Foster other than to point with mournful admonition to the abuse and ultimate destruction of great gifts through the domination of animalism.

Mediums, as a class, are not as subject to mental aberrations as are the members of the various professions. A cursory examination of the records will afford abundant proof of this. There is nothing in the nature of mediumship to superinduce insanity. It is natural to the individual, and in harmony with the mental and even physical constitution, of those on whom it is bestowed. It may be extirpated by disuse and it may be preserved unimpaired throughout a long life to the credit and glory of the phenomena it is sent to teach. As with every human gift and ability, so with mediumship; it must be exercised with prudence and fostered with care.

To attribute Home's insanity to the results of his mediumistic power, simply displays an animus to stab Spiritualism in the dark, or to cast outrageous reproach upon it, with malicious intent. His case is, in all probability, similar to the thousands that are constantly developing for medical treatment, and to which his great gifts have not the shadow of a relation.

The sole reason for considering the insanity of these two persons, according to newspaper thoughtlessness, as "a remarkable fact in the history of Spiritualism," is, that they both happened to be Spiritualists and mediums. For this reason, also, Home was "a victim of Spiritualism," as the Chronicle has it. It is, indeed, a remarkable fact in the history of Spiritualism, but remarkable for this, that out of its hundreds and thousands of gifted mediums, prominent and obscure, but two cases only of insanity are held up before the public, with which to point unfavorable significance. Where is the ism, or religious denomination, or professional avocation, that can produce a record so free from evidence of assumed detrimental results? Let the asylums throughout civilization answer.

DUALITY OF LIFE.

Human existence is a duality. Every single life is also double. Dependence and independence are commingling opposites in our social structure. All live more or less a life of manifestation, by which we characterize the fact of existence. We do not recognize life unless it makes an image of itself, unless it tells a story, unless it is reproduced, unless it is represented by thoughts and deeds. What are you? What am I? Infinitely more than a curious frame-work of tangible material. If a human body explains personality, then death as well as life stands for being; but the ego of being leaves the body when life does. Life proves its reality by demonstration, and it uses the body as an organ of conveyance. To know life is to know the vitalized thought, the embodied thought through which life utters itself. We can not judge of a life unless we can inspect the panorama of it. What a life has to show for itself is the ground of our judgment of it. This is human estimate. What appears stands for that which makes the appearance. A shadow outlines an object, and we perceive the status of life through its shadowings. What one may have to tell us of his or her life will not pass for it. We look at the picture life creates. We make a map of life from actual surveys. Its charts tell us where and what the individual life is. To us the lines are not where we say they are, but where we have drawn them. This suggests outward life—the life that may be seen. The effort of most people is to create such an appearance that personal advantage may accrue.

It is found that we are estimated and dealt with according to the life we manifest and not according to the secret, concealed life. Therefore we shape the manifestation of character to the opinion which we desire people to entertain of us. And so it occurs that we prostitute the outer, visible life, not to a representation of what we are, but to what we would have others think and believe us to be. We perceive that harmony with the ideas of associate life around us is necessary to much of our comfort and welfare, to insure which at the hands of our fellows, we don the approved exterior, letting the inner being continue as contradictory as it may. Hence, in many respects, life becomes a masquerade, in which the inner and outer life bear no relation to each other, save mutual subjection to a common will. Hence, the outer life becomes a mask behind which the inner life hides its inconsistency and intent. Thus, too, much of life becomes a monstrous sham, a falsehood, asking the world to take the semblance for the reality. And the world complies until the truth is finally lived out. Accordingly we grow weary with the task of learning and unlearning the character of people. Again and again disappointment takes the place of trust, and hope breaks down under the despondent spell cast upon it by the ultimate dawn of a bitter truth, and we say, "Ah, well, it is human, only human after all."

The more complicated and polished the civilization the more universal the use of the mask. Our present civilization presents an exterior of amazing display, which is none the less false, because many-sided and contagious. There is an ominous lack of truth in the show of our present outward life. The modern heart beats fast and feverishly under the sway of appearances. We see through much of this flimsy film, but we do not resist it, so powerful and established has it become. The tendency of this thought will carry one into every labyrinth of life, and it may be recognized everywhere, coloring existence with its gaudy daubs. Put on and keep up an appearance at any cost, is the universal motto. How appearances verify the truth, is a question unasked and unanswered. Thus a great mass of social life becomes artificial, unnatural, deceptive, sepulchral, adorned with outward blandishment, but repellant and ungainly within. Thus, too, life becomes enigmatical, filled with strange and inexplicable moods and impulses; freakish, queer and puzzling, so that we gladly acknowledge that it is difficult to really know people. We feel the falsity, but we are at a loss to discover it.

MEDIUMS' CARDS.—The following mediums, in addition to those published in our last issue, are in attendance at the Camp Ground:

Mrs. H. M. Carr, Healer. Residence, San Francisco.
Mrs. E. J. Ladd, Clairvoyant and Business Medium. Residence, Oakland.
Mrs. M. E. Ayers, Psycho-Magnetic Physician. Residence, Oakland.

NOT SO RARE.—Canada must have a poor opinion of young Britishers since it makes public note of the honesty of one who came to Ontario a few months ago. At that time he was given money by the Mayor, and assisted besides by the Young Men's Christian Association. After a while he obtained employment and was lost sight of. It is now considered remarkable that he again presents himself, and not only pays the Y. M. C. A. and the Mayor but leaves a like amount to be given to the next unfortunate who comes along and deserves it. If such facts of honesty were as rare as newspaper mention of them, faith in mankind would soon die out. But there is a world of honesty, gratitude and trust, that seems to be carefully left out of the public prints. The other kind of reading may be in greater demand.

THE PHILANTHROPIST.—An Illinois editor defines a philanthropist as "a zealous person, doing the most possible good to the greatest possible number with the greatest possible amount of other people's money." We don't suppose the editor intends to insinuate that a philanthropist ought to have money of his own. That would be impossible. He may make money, but how can he keep it? He cannot keep it and be a philanthropist, and to be such a person he must have a great deal of money to spend. He may look at other people's money pretty much as did Mr. Skimpole—that it is accumulated for him to spend; but if it is expended on others, the philanthropist should not be the subject of per-

sonal insinuation, which, in the present instance is quite plain in its obscurity. There are a great many people in this world with money, but no idea what to do with it, nor how to do it, to whom the philanthropist is a blessing.

CAMP-MEETING NOTES.

Monday was a very quiet day—no meeting—several new arrivals. Tuesday, a very interesting conference meeting was held at 10:30 A. M. Several speakers occupying the platform. These Meetings are increasing in interest. They are of the utmost utility and should be largely attended.

At 2 o'clock P. M., Mrs. McKinley lectured to an interested audience upon the "Ecclesiasticalism of Truth." Mrs. M. is an intelligent, earnest woman, and her remarks were well received.

At 8 o'clock P. M., Mr. Colville spoke on "Re-incarnation." The audience was very large, and the interest intense. Mr. C. first suggested that the rude things said recently through the press against the theory of re-incarnation and those who held it were insults and would not be noticed. He then took up the doctrine of the "Transmigration of the Soul," showing that it was nowise related to that of "Re-embodiment," and remarked that there would be less serious objection to the doctrine of transmigration, if it could be reversed. He then discussed the doctrine of re-incarnation at length, and in a clear, systematic and logical manner, and seemed to give general satisfaction, being frequently applauded.

Application has been made by the city authorities of Oakland to the Camp-Meeting Association demand that they pay a license for a "Spiritual Exhibition." The Board of Trustees preferred to pay the license (\$50) rather than raise an issue with the authorities. Besides, the Oakland people have patronized the meetings so liberally that the Board could well afford to be magnanimous.

Wednesday, Mr. Colville's class in metaphysics met at 10:30 A. M. The class numbers nearly one hundred and is composed of the most intelligent and thoughtful men and women, who express great satisfaction at the instruction given.

At 2 P. M. Mrs. Scales addressed a large audience to the satisfaction of her many friends. The meetings are growing in interest, and new arrivals daily. Dr. Stansbury, from San Jose, arrived on Wednesday and occupies a tent on the grounds.

The Sunday programme for the camp-meeting has not been completed. Mr. Colville will lecture at 2 and 7:30 P. M. For the morning lecture consult the Sunday Chronicle.

LEARNING HOW.—In the coming time it is going to be possible to tell the quality of a woman's education by her style of getting in and out of road vehicles. New York and London both have academies where young ladies are taught this accomplishment. In the same institution they are taught, or learning, to eat asparagus, oranges, grapes, and similar viands, in a manner that is supposed to be the correct one, and very elegant. But this is all right. It is only a few who can pay for such instructions, and still a less number who want it. Most persons have their own idea about eating all sorts of fruits, the principle one to the majority being to get the fruit first. This difficulty got over, its disposition is more a matter of time than etiquette, and we don't believe its taking off would shock very many refined people. Our first ancestors probably climbed the trees and helped themselves, and were more lithe and graceful about it than the young lady of to-day will ever be in getting in and out of her carriage with all her modern errors of dress.

EDUCATION.—The Southern States are pretty much of the same disposition now as before the war—they want to be let alone. The Paducah Standard, the foremost newspaper of Kentucky, looks upon the Blair bill as a piece of presumptuous interference, declaring that the people not only do not need it, but that it would work the demoralization of the common-school system of the South, and says that "the Southern States are amply able to take care of their own schools; can do so, and they will do so." Well, they had better set about it, or they will find Congress has some business yet in that part of the country, relating to the thousands of children, white and black, that are wholly deprived of common-school privileges. The Standard may not have a good opinion of "a little education"; but public opinion and demand think it better and safer that all men and women of this Republic should at least be able to read and write.

DIVIDING.—The new tornado, called a cyclone, is very peculiar in its operations, its tendency being to level and equalize things generally. It picks up sick and well persons out of the same house, carries them aloft through space and lets them down;—the sick, carefully and gently, and the well it dashes to the ground, breaking bones and mangling, often killing outright. It takes country articles to town and town belongings to the country. One farmer finds an elegant marble-top table in his dooryard and a fancy what-not, uninjured. The owner of these, or some other lost articles, is given a sheep or two, safely delivered from the hands of the storm, and a stack of hay to feed them. A poor woman finds a variety of vegetables and a dead mutton on her premises, which she doubtless accepts with gratefulness as coming from a good providence, though the same providence leaves others destitute.

—We hear from every direction words of commendation of the management of the camp-meeting. Hon. Amos Adams is the "right man in the right place," and is winning "golden opinions" from all, by the dignity with which the meetings are conducted. The camp-meeting needs no higher endorsement than the fact that the attendance is constantly increasing, and more intelligent assemblies have never been gathered together on this coast.

—Remember, that we club the GOLDEN GATE with the Spiritual Offering for \$3, and with the Carrier Dove for \$4. Subscriptions received at the GOLDEN GATE tent at the Camp Ground, or at this office.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—We have secured the gifted pen of Mr. C. Park, to assist us, editorially and otherwise, for a while. We hope to be able to continue him as a permanent assistant in our work.

—A Ukiah subscriber, in remitting \$5 for two years' subscription to our paper, says: "Permit me to say, the GOLDEN GATE is a credit to the Pacific Coast and to our cause."

—We hope to be able, in our next issue of the GOLDEN GATE, to give Mr. Colville's lecture on re-incarnation, also some of his best answers to questions, as given during his first week's work.

—It is stated that Col. W. W. Hollister, who has passed through a long siege of sickness, and is again slowly recovering, has gone to the mountains—to Lake Tahoe—for the finishing touches to his health. It is fondly hoped by a host of friends that he may find the sought-for boon.

—Mrs. Slater, an old resident of Lassen county, recognizes the spirit, John Partridge, who came through Mrs. Whitney's mediumship as published in the last number of the GOLDEN GATE. He was formerly a merchant of Susanville. Mrs. S. also recognizes the child spirit, Maud Slater.

—We are pleased to note that Dr. G. B. Crane has so far recovered from his recent illness that he is again able to visit the city. He came down on Sunday, accompanied by Mrs. Crane, and is stopping at the Grand. The chances are now favorable for several years more of earthly usefulness for our friend and faithful co-worker.

—Several interesting articles intended for this issue of the GOLDEN GATE are unavoidably deferred till next week. We find matter for our columns rapidly increasing upon our hands; hence, we must urge correspondents to condense. The extreme length of some otherwise excellent articles received is a serious bar to their appearance, but we will try to find room for them.

—Mr. A. C. Stowe, whose card appears elsewhere, is a practical healer of thirty years' experience, and has devoted several years in the study of the subjects he proposes to teach, and is prepared to give thorough instruction to those who join his classes. He wishes me to say that his Sunday afternoon receptions will be postponed until after the close of the Camp-meeting.

—A pleasant little birthday party was given by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Evans, on Monday evening, at their residence on Mission street. It was the 24th anniversary of Mr. Evans' birthday. The rooms were beautifully decorated with flowers. Mrs. Gerrish presided at the piano, and the supper was all that could be desired. We wish Mr. Evans many and many returns of this anniversary.

—Nothing could more plainly indicate the future form of government for Great Britain than the progress woman suffrage is making there. The town councils of thirty-two cities and towns in England, and twenty towns in Scotland, have petitioned Parliament to grant full suffrage to women. The kingdom is dying so naturally and easily that its supporters do not perceive it. Suffrage for the people means but one thing—government by the people.

—According to accounts, animals in Germany are not much benefited by the societies organized for their protection. There was to be a test of a new projectile, and a military committee in Prussia started off a number of disabled horses on a gallop, when they were cut down like grain by the new invention. The agents for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals interfered, but were arrested and prosecuted "for an insult to the army." That is how it is in nearly all Europe.

—On Saturday last, the editor of this paper, representing Jim G. Anderson of the Richmond (Mo.) Democrat, had a private seance for independent slate-writing with Fred Evans, when five slates were written full, four for Mr. Anderson and one for the writer. These slates never left our hands or sight from the moment they were cleaned and submitted to the spirits. The slates for Mr. Anderson contain several messages from persons supposed to be his kindred and friends, but of which neither Mr. Evans nor ourselves have any knowledge. They have been sent on to him.

—The *Banner of Light* says: "Mr. Caffray denies that he confessed to the *World's* crew, which attacked him contrary to law, stating in a recent letter to us that the whole story was a fabrication. The only method, therefore, of arriving at the truth under these circumstances, is for Mr. Caffray to hold a seance under strict test conditions, and, if his wife is a materializing medium, which we hope is the case, prove the fact in the presence of competent witnesses. We shall decline to advertise him or his wife as mediums for spirit-form manifestations unless he does so. It is high time to know the facts in such cases, thus setting at rest all controversy upon the subject."

THOUGHTFUL.—Congressman Weaver has been observing the manner of congressional burial, and he finds (so we infer), that of the men selected from public duty to follow a brother to his last home, only about half of them attend the call, and those who do go fail to remain to accompany the hearse back, so that the funeral presents a meagre and mean appearance. Mr. Weaver proposes to improve this matter, and has introduced a bill, providing for "a standing committee on funerals of deceased members of either house." It does not matter if some journals do make fun of the bill, it is a thoughtful one. Besides, there are enough men in Congress who could do better service to their deceased brothers than they can to the living public through their influence in either house. Since everything else is turned into business in Washington, there must be some provisions made for attendance at funerals.

MR. AND MRS. FRED EVANS.

These wonderful young mediums beg to inform their friends and the public that they will not hold evening seances for a few weeks. Due notice will be given on their commencement.

FRED EVANS.

1244 Mission street.

(Continued from Third Page.)

fact of nature. They have yet to learn that "the world moves."

There are many persons who seem to think that it is a matter of great importance to the spirits and to Spiritualists that they should be convinced of the truth of the spiritual phenomena. They seem to think that it is the duty of mediums to go out of their way to produce the evidences of spirit existence for their particular benefit. They remind us of the story of the consequential colored preacher, Rev. Quako Strong, at the gate of St. Peter. He thought his very title and influence while on earth, were sufficient to secure for him a ready entrance to the Celestial City; and that St. Peter would stand obsequiously, with hat in hand, to bid him welcome. He soon found that he was not of the slightest consequence in the Saint's eyes. After having been kept waiting for a long time, while a mighty terror chilled the marrow in his bones, he was finally permitted to creep in, glad enough to acknowledge himself the good-for-nothing, no-account darkey that he really was.

So it is with some of our arrogant, would-be investigators into spiritual things. When they shall learn to lay aside some of their intellectual pride; when the somewhat humiliating thought is permitted to enter their heads that there are some facts and phenomena in the universe, that possibly they are not familiar with; in short, when they shall become humble and earnest searchers for the truth, then may the angels conclude to remove the scales from their eyes. Until then it matters little to spirit or mortal whether they believe or not.

"Whither, oh, whither has my beloved gone!" This has been the plaint of humanity, in its mortal bereavements, in all ages of the world. As one by one the heart's idols are borne out and away into the darkness and gloom of death, and the great agony of an unutterable loneliness steals over the stricken heart of the living,—if, in such moments of terrible despair, the veil could be parted and the soul could catch a glimpse of the risen spirit beyond,—if the heart could only feel and know that all was well with its treasures,—what a rest and comfort it would be! The clouds of sorrow would henceforth wear a lining of silver, and the darkest grief would be penetrated with a scintillant ray of hope.

That this knowledge has come to millions of earth's children, bringing such comfort and abiding trust as no words can express, and reconciling them to life and duty until the great change shall come that shall unite them with their loved ones on the shining shore of spirit life, is a glorious fact and fruition of Modern Spiritualism. The same knowledge has come to many in the past, but never seemingly so perfect as in these later years. Not alone to the inner consciousness, but to the physical senses, also, now come our dear ones from their bright homes of light and love to make glad our hearts with tender remembrances, and sweet sympathies. They come to assure us that they are not dead, but really more alive than ever before; that death has sundered no loving tie—broken no bond of holy fellowship; and above all, that they are ever near us in spirit, whenever we may need them, to soothe and comfort the overburdened soul.

When we remember the close relationship of the two states of life—the sympathetic interblending of the living with the so-called dead,—of souls who were bound together in earth life,—we can understand something of the harm to both of useless grieving for the departed. To the spirit it is a constant pain—a cloud upon its happiness. Its growth and unfoldment in spiritual things are retarded by the sorrow it feels for the bleeding heart it has left behind. And to the latter, it fills the mourning soul with unrest. It poisons the currents of being, deranging the nerve forces, and thereby impairing the bodily health, and unfitting one for the satisfactory discharge of the duties of earth.

This is wrong, and consequently hurtful. But, do you ask, would you have us forget the cherished ones that have been torn from our arms? Not at all. We would have you feel, and know, that they are yours still—a part of your life now just the same as they ever were before; that they have never, in fact, been separated from you. They have merely cast aside the old garment for a new one, and are but waiting at the river's brink for the sound of the boatman's oar that shall bear you to their welcoming arms.

Our spirit friends would not that we should mourn them as dead; but rather that we should rejoice with them that they have safely passed over the dark valley—have come up out of the land of Beulah to a realm of unfading beauty and delight,—the home of the soul,—

"Where sickness, sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more."

And this is another grand mission of Spiritualism—to dispel the dark cloud of gloom that has so long lowered over the grave—and to mark a shining pathway through the mists and shadows of dissolution to the Golden Gate that opens to the realm of eternal verities in the Summer Land.

To the higher finite perception all things tend to unity; to the Infinite perception the unity must be complete. A mind comprehensive enough to grasp all the individual destinies of this earth would see all merged into one common destiny.—*World's Advance Thought.*

The Controversy Closes.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In your issue of June 5th, you published an article from the fertile brain (fertile at least in fancy) of William Emmette Coleman, on the subject of prior existence of the human spirit. From the tone and individuality of the communication, I am led to believe it did not come from a very great mind. There is a smattering of classics with a strong religious tendency, together with a wonderful amount of conceit and egotism manifest in the article which we now propose briefly to consider. We are sorry indeed to see men like Mr. Coleman give way to such extravagant ideas about those who honestly differ with him on subjects of such vast importance to the world.

We are, to some extent, familiar with the writings, and have read the discussions pro and con of men, such as Prof. A. R. Wallace, Prof. Crooks, Prof. John Tyndal and many others, but never do we find such a depreciation indulged in towards the subject under consideration. If the subject is not worthy of notice they have nothing to do with it, thus maintaining dignity of character as scientific men always.

Mr. Coleman seems to think that some one in the fourth gospel has been lying about what Jesus said in Galilee—about his pre-existence. "The statement that he did is a pure fiction manufactured out of whole cloth." Again, further on, we quote: "The re-incarnation of Jesus was an idea so wholly unchristian, that it was a virtual impossibility for it ever to have gained credence in apostolic, or post-apostolic, Christianity." Yet the idea that he taught it "was manufactured out of whole cloth." Conundrum: How could a thing be made out of whole cloth when there was, according to Mr. Coleman's statement, none in the market? It may be that John, who seems to be emphatic on this point, is entirely mistaken about what Jesus did teach, but it is a little singular that Mr. Coleman should know more about it than St. John who was on the ground most of the time. If we admit this rule of impeaching the testimony of the balance of the saints we have no evidence that there ever was such a man as Jesus on the earth, and if no Jesus then no Savior, and, consequently, Mr. Coleman with the balance of the sin-sick souls are yet outside of saving grace. I leave our distinguished friend to get out of the fix as best he can, and put a few living witnesses on the stand and see what they have to say. Now there are millions of just as intelligent and honest men and women as Mr. Coleman, who know for a fact that if ever there was such a man as Jesus in Galilee he lives to-day in spirit, and from his throne of life in the heavens he is able to return through his mediums, the Berry sisters of Boston, Mass., and bear witness that he once spoke the truth of this doctrine in Galilee, and now again from his spirit home, reiterates the fact, and proclaims the truth—that of re-incarnation. This he has already done in the presence of hundreds who have seen and talked with him there in material form.

Again, we will put John Pierpont on the witness stand, through his medium, Miss Shelhamer, of the *Banner of Light*; he shall bear testimony in favor of re-incarnation, which he has done before the world many times. Again we will call two more witnesses, Wm. Shakespeare and Starr King, through their medium, Mrs. Wm. H. King, a spirit medium of San Diego, (now on the camp-meeting ground) and they will give evidence in favor of the proposition, as they have already done before; or consult Red Cloud's band of developing spirits through Mrs. E. R. Herbert of Oakland, their medium, and they will give evidence in the affirmative. Here is a solid array of many of the mighty minds of the universe who all agree as to the truth of re-incarnation.

Now, Mr. Coleman, what are you going to do about this? Have you the effrontery to stand up and tell each and all of these they are liars, and return to deceive the world? If you are prepared to do this, then you are more reckless than we have supposed you to be.

As to your left hand compliments, such as "mental twist," "screws loose," "twice two make five," etc., we pass them by as unworthy our consideration. The crowd you are railing after have passed on beyond you. They have ascended the mount of transfiguration, and above the clouds of material darkness and religious superstition they are talking with the angels. They move in the realm of causation while you are yet in the world of material effect, and consequently unable to see or understand things of the spirit of which re-incarnation is one. We use plain but strong language, because the occasion demands it. If in this day of light and human freedom, men and women dare to have honest convictions of their own and dare to speak of them before the world, they are to be called cranks and lunatics. It is well to find out about the source such things come from. I do not wish to be understood as dealing with individuals, but rather principles. Up to within a very short time religious superstition has held the world in obedience to its commands which was law and gospel without any appeal to reason whatever. Mr. Taylor and Mr. Coleman each have been educated to view things from a religious standpoint. The doctrine of a prior life and re-incarnation completely upsets all their pet notions about the origin of the human

race, etc. It declares emphatically there is no origin except in the spirit realm, that all forms therein is the result of individualized spirit life and all are supreme and eternal entities, dwelling in the spirit or physical universe, or both, according as their will, which supreme law dictates. In conclusion, I will remark that all that is in the spirit world is coming this way, and will be here by and by. A few facts have already arrived and they are thundering at the doors of dogmatic conclusions, derived from theological seminaries and all that is opposed to the supreme individualism of men and women.

With this I close the argument and say good-bye to friends Taylor and Coleman.
A. M. STODDARD.
OAKLAND, June 12, 1886.

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DRS. DARRIN.

A VISIT TO THE ROOMS OF DRS. DARRIN, AT NO. 113 STOCKTON STREET.

During the interim since our last visit the Doctors have enlarged their rooms to accommodate the throng that daily besiege their offices. We happened to call at the Doctors' lunch hour and could see the class of patients who were awaiting their arrival. Their patients rank among the better class of our people, and not a few of them are of the highest class in point of wealth and known respectability. Private family carriages leave their occupants frequently at their door. Scores are cured by this magnetic or vital cure that never appear in print, as none are published unless by permission of the patients. During our visit we took occasion to talk with a number. W. S. Dibble of Berkeley says that his daughter can hear as well as any person living. She was cured of total deafness. His wife is also fast recovering from paralysis. O. Crandal of the American Exchange Hotel, this city, says he needs no further treatment for deafness and catarrh of fourteen years duration. J. A. Kelly of 4 Morrell place, city, has no further use for the Doctors after being cured of catarrh, lung trouble, deafness and ringing in his ears. Mrs. P. Harris' son of 255 Jessie street rejoices in the cure of a cough, bronchitis, kidney trouble and weakness of the limbs. jcl2-1m

PASS THEM ALONG.

We printed large extra editions of all the earlier numbers of the GOLDEN GATE, many copies of which we have yet on hand. As interesting samples they are just as good to send to those who have never seen the paper as the latest edition. We will send these papers in packages, postage paid, to whoever may wish to scatter the good seed, for fifty cents per hundred copies—package of fifty copies, twenty-five cents.

GOLDEN GATE EUROPEAN AGENCY.

H. A. KRISBY, No. 1 Newgate street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, will act as agent in England for the GOLDEN GATE, during the absence of J. J. Morse, receiving subscriptions therefor at 1s 6d per annum, postage included.

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TITLE PAGE:

Voices from Many Hill-tops,—
—Echoes from Many Valleys;

—or the—

Experiences of the Spirits Eon and Eona,

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In ages past; in the long, long ago; and their many incarnations in earth life and on other worlds.

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Clairvoyance.

(Hall's Journal of Health.)

The term which heads this article has been adopted into our English tongue from the French. In its native vernacular it signifies physical clear-sightedness, but by common consent, justified by free usage, it has acquired a signification which leaves wholly out of view the merely physical, and reaching quite over it, takes on the spiritual, thus recognizing the existence of an interior perception of remarkable clearness and delicacy in no wise dependent upon the ordinary organs of sight.

The existence of this faculty in man has been too clearly demonstrated to be longer open to question as a fact. Indeed it is safe to affirm that it is inherent in all persons, and might be cultivated and developed to a point of great usefulness in very many instances, where it is now suffered to slumber without recognition.

As a class, physicians have been altogether too backward in giving it place, as a valuable auxiliary to the healing art, notwithstanding the repeated proofs of its efficacy in this behalf.

The late Doctor Samuel B. Brittan, so well and widely known as a popular lecturer upon what are usually termed liberal subjects, often availed himself of the insight respecting the condition and needs of patients, which clairvoyants were able to give him, and his practice as a specialist in medicine, was greatly assisted in this way.

One in particular, whom he used to consult, was the now deceased Mrs. Mettler, whose chief centres for consultation and advice, were the cities of New York and Hartford, to which, for a number of years, she paid alternate visits, with the single object of making available her clairvoyant powers in ministering to the afflicted.

I will relate a single instance, as related to me by Doctor Brittan, who in the course of a lecturing tour, was a guest at the house of a well-known family then residing in Michigan, one of whose younger male members had been bed-ridden for a long period, from the effects of a hitherto incurable gun-shot wound.

The Doctor brought to New York a lock of hair of the sufferer, and placing it in Mrs Mettler's hand, awaited the diagnosis.

It should be stated for the information of such of the *Journal's* readers as are unacquainted with the fact, that the lock of hair served to bring the patient and the clairvoyant *en rapport*; in other words, to establish such intelligibly harmonious conditions between them as to enable the mysterious faculty of the one to discern the physical needs of the other.

Mrs Mettler gave an accurate description of the patient, affirming that he was prostrated by a severe gun-shot wound in the thigh; giving also a minute account of the accident, and stating among other things, that the contents of the gun on being discharged, passed through a trouser's pocket, and carried a large copper cent into the wound, which obviously could not heal until the cent was removed.

This being communicated to the local medical attendant of the sufferer, was much derided.

He declared that he, who had attended the patient almost daily, and watched the progress of the wound from the beginning, was better able to give a correct diagnosis, than a person a thousand miles away, who had never seen it.

But was he correct in this opinion? Let us see what followed. A devoted sister had day after day and week after week dressed the obstinate wound, which showed no sign of healing. At length she observed that a hard substance had worked its way to the external opening, and by a dexterous use of a pair of pointed scissors she disengaged and took away and old-fashioned copper cent. After that the wound rapidly healed, and for aught we know to the contrary the patient is still alive and well.

Another remarkable instance of discovery and relief through the means of clairvoyance, occurred in Brooklyn a few years ago. A young lad who had been carefully and tenderly brought up, was unaccountably and strangely afflicted.

He was able neither to eat, sleep, or rest, as healthy children do, and growing worse from day to day, became at length so emaciated and weak from long suffering that there remained little hope of his recovery.

A lady friend who paid the family a visit, told them of a renowned clairvoyant, of Providence, Rhode Island, and as she was on the point of returning there, volunteered to take to her a lock of the child's hair, as a means of clairvoyant diagnosis.

The information was that the boy, whilst sojourning in the country the previous summer, had drank of a stream boy-fashion, and thus imbibed a water snake which had continued to live and grow in his stomach, until now it had so poisoned his entire system that it would be almost impossible to save the lad's life. She said, moreover, that she could so treat the child as to rid him of this fatal intruder, but that even then it would almost surely follow that one so completely impregnated with poison would die. It was, indeed, almost a "forlorn hope."

The members of the family were naturally enough skeptical of this diagnosis

obtained through such incomprehensible means, but the insistence of the mother, who had for so long and tenderly watched over the fading image of her child, induced his removal to Providence, where he was placed under the treatment of the lady in question. The near results was the passage from the boy of the dismpted remains, in three parts, of a water snake, which, I am informed, is still preserved by the family as indubitable proof of the facts above related.

I am sorry to add that the patient survived the treatment for only a brief period, his whole body becoming distinctly marked in spots from the unquestioned effects of the poisoning to which it had been subjected.

It may be aptly asked, why is it, if these things are true, that a means of cure so efficient is not generally acknowledged and more frequently resorted to?

I am only able to reply that it is considered by the medical profession, generally, as quite irregular and unauthorized, and a thing to be put down rather than encouraged.

There are, however, some rare exceptions to this rule, but not always generous ones, frequent clairvoyant diagnosis being made from locks of hair and other means of magnetic concurrence, at the instance of attending physicians, who purposely keep the medium in the background, and take all the credit of the cure.

But the days of an exclusive property in patients, on the part of the votaries of any recognized school of medicine, it is to be hoped, are numbered, and that the populace may be free to adopt such methods of cure as their judgment dictates, or even suffered, when the inexorable visitant knocks at the door, to die a natural death, despite of class legislation for the protection of any special profession or employment.

Common sense is a gift of the gods, which should not be left altogether out of view even by our law makers, and freedom for one's self and others in all private concerns should never be impugned.

WELL DONE!—Compliments, or expressions of civility, respect, or regard, are made manifest in various forms of words; but the following compliment paid by a sailor to a handsome lady, is as pretty a thing of the kind as we ever read:—

A compliment, true and genuine, was paid by a sailor who was sent by his captain to carry a letter to the lady of his love. The sailor, having delivered his message, stood gazing in silent admiration upon the lady, for she was very beautiful. "Well, my good man," she said, "for what do you wait? There is no answer to be returned."

"Lady," replied the sailor, with humble deference, "If you please, I would like to know your name."

"Did you not see it on the letter?" "Pardon, lady—I never learned to read. Mine has been a hard, rough life."

"And for what reason, my good man, would you know my name?"

"Because," answered the old tar, looking honestly up, "in a storm at sea, with danger afore me, I would like to call the name of the brightest thing I'd ever seen in my life. There'd be sunshine in it, even in the darkness."

HERE is a description of what they do with their prisoners in the canton of Neuchâtel. A good handicraft is taught to every prisoner, and all who are well behaved are, after a period, placed with a master of the trade which they have severally learned, under the oversight of the police and a member of the voluntary committee. This committee is composed of fourteen hundred active members, out of a total population of one hundred and two thousand. The prisoner, when "provisionally liberated," has to present himself every week to his patron, who receives the reports of his master of the police. The patron sends an abstract of these reports to the governor of the prison, and in this way, if his conduct remains good, the man's liberty is gradually restored, and he regains his position in society—with the additional advantages of experience of discipline and knowledge of a trade. M. de Laveleye, indescriming this system, says that a Swiss canton is in some things a century in advance of the rest of the world.

NEVER debate or argue. Do not essay to control others. You have as much as you can do to control yourself. One of the gigantic evils of this life comes from the desire to rule others. Let every man have his opinions in freedom. The rights you claim, freely grant to others. Many men condemn others for the same thing they have done or will do themselves. Society practices none of the virtues it demands of men.—*The Dawning Light*.

"CHILDREN," asked a minister, addressing a Sunday school, "Why are we like flowers? What do we have that flowers have?" And a small boy in the infant class, whose breath smelled of vermicelli, rose up and made reply, "Worms!" And the minister crept under the pulpit chair to hide his emotion.

At the funeral of Henry Todd, a negro and ex-slave of Darian, Ga., some of the wealthiest white men of the place acted as pall-bearers. He died worth \$125,000. He left much of it to the local schools and the churches.

QUANT OLD REVOLUTIONARY DOCUMENTS.

One of the most interesting libraries in Washington is that connected with the state department. I spent nearly half a day there poring over the quaint old revolutionary documents, foreign treaties, etc. There in a double locked case is kept the original constitution of the country. It was shown me by Mr. Dwight, but I noticed he kept his eye on me very closely, as if afraid I would snap off a yard or two with a pair of scissors. There, too, are all the proclamations from every president, the state papers of every secretary, and the Ben Franklin documents recently purchased in London for \$85,000. The Declaration of Independence, with its fading ink and world renowned signatures, is here jealously preserved. One of the most unique papers is the oath of allegiance taken at Valley Forge. It is signed by George Washington, Benedict Arnold, DeKalb Stueben, Lafayette, and every soldier in the army. There, too, is the pathetic letter from Andre to Washington begging that his might be a soldier's, not a spy's death. The foreign treaties are curious, especially those of Turkey, Japan, and China, with their gold writing and huge seals. The surgeon general's library, which is in Ford's old theatre, is said to be the most complete collection of medical works in the world. The catalogue now being issued has only reached "H," and it already fills six volumes each as large as Webster's dictionary.—*Washington Cor. Chicago News*.

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Soul, the Healer.

[Capt. H. H. Brown in Mental Science Magazine.]
All reforms aim, in some particular, to let the soul have its way through us.—Emerson in "The Over-Soul."

It has been further shown that the perfecting of Man consists mainly in the ever increasing predominance of the life of the soul over the life of the body.—John Fisk, in "The Idea of God."

These two sentences from two philosophers representing the two extremes of modern thought—one an intuitionist and the other one of the chief disciples of Spencer and Darwin, shows the trend of modern Philosophy, i. e., to the recognition of Soul as the power. The Mind-cure is only the *avant guard* of the great army of thinkers, who shall yet occupy the ground where it stands. A mighty philosophy is to be evolved! Many must be the contributors to its development, and much that is crude and unripe must be thrown away as valueless. Yet through it all will be seen in the future, as in the past, the one great fact, "The soul goes marching on."

"God is spirit." Spirit is the builder of all forms. Out of spirit come things and to the spirit things return. Only the perfect thing abideth forever. That perfect thing is the human soul. Perfect because it contains endless capacity. "Be ye therefore perfect," was but a command, but the statement from the soul-side, of a fact.

According to soul development is the outward form—the body—which the soul wears. As the soul of physical man unfolds, he grows better and more beautiful in form.

From the cradle to the grave the unfolding soul is writing its development on the body, even as the unfolding soul of the world has been writing its unfoldment in strata, in fossil, in plant, in animal and in different races of men.

Says John Fisk in the article quoted above: "It has been shown that the genesis of man was due to a change in the dissection of the working of natural selection, whereby psychical variations were selected to the neglect of physical variations." And we think that when still closer application is made in the study of evolution with reference to psychical changes, it will be found that all variations, even in plant and mineral, is due also to natural selection in direction of psychical rather than of physical variations. Aye, that natural selection itself, is psychical in its origin, and that evolution is only the manner, method or law of psychical development. Every reform, even in the structure of plant and animal, is an effort to let the soul have more perfectly its way through it. And the philosophy of the future must say with Emerson—"Soul is the only fact." He then who studies soul—or spirit, if you choose that term—studies all things.

The diseases that afflict humanity under so many names—and the names are the worst infliction of all—are only names ignorantly applied to one and the same thing, viz.—inability of the soul inhabiting the body, to care for it.

God is the fountain, and each soul, if it keeps in harmony with him, shall have all its needs supplied. To keep this channel between the individual soul and the Over-Soul open is the great desideratum of faith life. Let God flow in continually. This is inspiration: This is life!

The method by which we keep this channel open is by prayer, and prayer is not the hybrid monster bearing the name in modern orthodox thought, but is the soul's cry for food, for companionship, for nearness to God, and it only finds utterances in words, when the soul is too full to keep silent.

"Let thy kingdom come. Let thy will be done," first it cries, recognizing all human needs; then the prayer of faith and rest, from which comes the influx of life and love to the soul, "Give us this day our daily bread!" The mind thus renewed builds its body anew, and the "Great Healer," "The Comforter" has come as promised. All who have felt this can sing with Charles Wesley:—

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want!
More than all in Thee I find,
Raise the fallen; cheer the faint;
Heal the sick and lead the blind!"

"All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head,
With the shadow of Thy wing!"

Rates of Wages in 1800.

[Phrenological Journal.]

In McMaster's History we are told workmen were paid at the beginning of this century: On the Pennsylvania canals the diggers ate the coarsest diet, were housed in the rudest sheds, and paid \$6 a month from May to November, and \$5 a month from November to May. Hod-carriers and mortar-mixers, diggers and choppers, who, from 1793 to 1800, labored on the public buildings, and cut the streets and avenues of Washington city, received \$70 a year, or, if they wished, \$60 for all the work they could perform from March 1st to December 20th. The hours of work were invariably from sunrise to sunset. Wages at Albany and New York were three shillings, or, as money went, 40 cents per day; at Lancaster, \$8 to \$10 a month; elsewhere in Pennsylvania workmen were content with \$6 in Summer and \$5 in Winter. At Baltimore men were glad to be hired at 18 pence a day. None, by the month, asked more than \$6. At

Fredericksburg the price of labor was about \$5 to \$7. In Virginia, white men employed by the year were given \$16, currency; slaves, when hired, were clothed, and their masters paid \$1 per month. A pound of Virginia money was, in Federal money, \$3.33. The average rate of wages the land over was, therefore, \$65 a year, with food and, perhaps, lodging. Out of this small sum the workman must, with his wife's help, maintain the family. But then the cost of living was vastly less, and the habits of people generally infinitely cheaper. There were no art or bric-a-brac crazes.

Reason and Religion.

[Henry Ward Beecher.]

"Talk about our not being allowed to come to the Bible with our reason! That is the only way we can go. Is a man to come with his ignorance, through a council, or somebody else's thinking? Must we not use our reason to know what the word of God is? When a man says: 'You must not dilute the word of God by any thinking of your own; and you must not translate the Bible or construct the doctrines of the Bible except by the Bible itself,' then I will turn and catechize that man, saying, 'Will you be kind enough to tell me from the Bible alone what a lion is?' You can not. 'Will you be kind enough to define from the Bible what a mountain is?' You can not. 'Will you, out of the Bible, define a river, an eagle, a sparrow, a flower, a king, a mother, a child?' You can not do it. What do you do? You go right to the thing itself outside of the Bible. When you see a flower, you know what the Bible means when it says a flower. In all things that are cognizable by man's senses, he finds what is the thing spoken of in the Bible by going to the thing itself, outside of the Bible. It is absurd to say the Bible must be its own sole expounder. Now that which is true in respect to miracles—in respect to the whole economy of human life—is it not also true in respect to the man himself and his own individual experience? A man says: 'You must not undertake to dictate to the word of God what conversion is.' I should like to know how I am going to find it out except by seeing it? I go to the thing itself. Then I understand what is meant by it. And so far from not going outside of the Bible to interpret it, no man can interpret it without a knowledge of what lies outside of it. That is the very medium through which any man comes to understand it."

A NEW PLANCHETTE.—We are engaged in the manufacture of a planchette which promises to supercede any yet produced. Every one can not obtain messages from the writing-planchette. The alphabet board and moving table, lately produced for obtaining the slow spelling of messages, has been found to be more readily operated by the spirits; and hence people have been able to obtain messages who were not successful with the writing instrument.

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WHY do we scarcely ever in these days hear sermons of the Johnathan Edwards stamp? For these reasons among others: because, even in his own day, Johnathan Edwards disgusted, offended and stunned the greater number of his adherents by utterances that he himself entirely believed, but which we now read with shudders of inexpressible abhorrence; and because the wider knowledge of mankind, the revelations of science, the more vivid apprehension of Christ's revelation of God as a God of love, the destruction of a degraded fetishism of a letter worship that stopped short at the letter of Scripture without attempting to understand it,—these and other influences of the dawn have so educated the moral sense of congregations that they revolt at teachings which they feel to be false to all that is likeliest God within their own soul.—*Canon Farrar.*

AN engineer employed in a Wisconsin sawmill announced to his boss that the time had come for him to strike; everybody else was striking, and he could not be left out in the cold. "Do you want more pay?" asked the boss. "No; the pay is all right." "Want shorter hours?" "No; the hours are all right." "Then what do you want?" "I want to go fishing this afternoon, without having my pay docked. I'll be on hand again in the morning." He was told to go, and the "strike" was amicably adjusted on that basis.

"Do you allow drunken people upon the train?" asked a fussy clergyman, at a station the other day. "Sometimes, but not when they are too drunk," replied the guard. "Just take a seat near the middle and keep quiet, and you'll be all right."

THE PHYSICIANS OF THE FUTURE.—In my opinion the practice of medicine will be revolutionized within the next few years. We will live to see the student and successful practitioner of to-day retire altogether from the actual practice of medicine, and establish himself as a consulting physician only. The learned surgeon or physician of the future will devote more time and attention to the prevention than to the cure of the disease. It is no great trick to learn to set a fractured bone or prescribe a dose of salts. Such things will be relegated to a class of practitioners about on a par with what are now called nurses. Hygiene and sanitation will be the study of the physician of the future. Of course he must have a knowledge of drugs, anatomy, physiology and such matters, but his office will be that of a consultant. The bone-setters and drug-prescribers will lay their cases before him, and he will advise them pretty much as the advice of an old established counselor at law is sought by an attorney. The great question of the future will not be so much the cure as the prevention of disease.—*Dr. Montrose A. Pallen.*

"CALL no one an atheist," said Rev. S. R. Calthrop, "who believes in a single attribute of God." God does not reveal himself to all the same way. There are some, who see him in the starry heavens, who do not feel the glow of his presence in the moral law. There are others who feel him in the moral law, but do not see him in the starry heavens. Those are most fortunate who can see God with the eye of the mind and the eye of the heart.—*Christian Register.*

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A Thread of Song.

It was only a broken chord of song
That sang itself, the feeling day,
Over and over in my heart.
And always in the same sweet way—
Always beginning low and soft,
Like a tenderly spoken "Love, good night!"
And ending in glad and joyous strains,
Like a morning psalm when the world is bright.

And the hours of the day were woven in
By the mystic thread of the haunting song,
That, some where out of the vanished past,
Sent forth its witchery clear and strong;
Something akin to the song of birds
When the sky is dashed with the coming dawn,
Yet and as the thoughtful hour which comes
When the last red light of day is gone.

Beautiful echo that drifted back
From the far-off shore of long ago,
Over the wide and rugged waters,
Where never the winds of gladness blow,
Bringing the odor of willow flowers;
The laughing song of the mountain rill;
The green, glad fields where the cowslip grows
And the gleam of waters calm and still.

Sitting alone in the twilight still,
Whose mantle covers the earth with gray,
My heart is touched and my eyes grow dim
As the glow of the sunset fades away,
And I feel the presence of unseen guests
That out of the shadowy regions throng,
And I know they have crossed from the farther shore
On the slender thread of the sweet old song.

—EXAMINER.

Beyond.

It seemeth such a little way to me
Across to that strange country—the Beyond;
And yet, not strange, for it has grown to be
The home of those of whom I am so fond,
They make it seem familiar and most dear,
As journeying friends bring distant regions near.

So close it lies, that when my sight is clear
I think I almost see the gleaming strand,
I know I feel those who have gone from here
Come near enough sometimes, to touch my hand.
I often think, but for our veiled eyes,
We should find heaven right round about us lies.

I can not make it seem a day to dread,
When from this dear earth I shall journey out
To that still dearer country of the dead,
And join the lost ones, so long dreamed about,
I love this world, yet shall I love to go
And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.

I never stand above a bier and see
The seal of death set on some well-loved face
But that I think, "One more to welcome me,
When I shall cross the intervening space
Between this land and that one 'over there';
One more to make the strange Beyond seem fair."

And so for me there is no sting to death,
And so the grave has lost its victory,
It is but crossing—with a bated breath,
And white, set face—a little strip of sea,
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.

—ELLA WHEELER.

Unseen but Real.

Shall we only trust what the ear can hear,
What the hand can grasp, and the eye make clear?
The dearest hopes of the human heart
In our inmost being have no part,
Because we fail to understand
The movement of the Unseen Hand?

Shall we sadly say there can not be
A land somewhere in immensity
Where those we loved, who have gone before,
We shall meet again, and love once more,
Because unexplored by us is the spot,
And those who have journeyed return to us not?

—EMMA B. DUNHAM, in "Boston Journal."

Golden-Rod.

"How in the world did I happen to bloom
All by myself, alone
By the side of a dusty country road
With only a rough old stone

"For company?" and the golden-rod,
As she drooped her yellow head,
Gave a mournful sigh. "Who cares for me,
Or know I'm alive?" she said.

"A snow-white daisy I'd like to be,
Half hid in the cool green sod;
Or a pink spirea, or sweet wild rose—
But I'm only a golden-rod!"

"Nobody knows that I'm here, nor cares
Whether I live or die!
In a world of beautiful flowers, who wants
Such a common thing as I?"

But all of a sudden she ceases her plaint,
For a child's voice cried in glee,
"Here's a dear little lovely golden-rod!
Did you bloom on purpose for me?"

"Down by the brook the tall spirea
And the purple asters nod,
And beckon to me—but more than all
Do I love you, golden-rod!"

She raised the flower to her lips,
And merrily kissed its face,
"Ah! now I see," said the golden-rod,
How this is the very place."

"That was meant for me; and I'm glad I bloomed
Just here by the road alone,
With nobody near for company
But a dear old mossy stone!"

Keep Out of Debt.

[With the usual intricacies of English orthography.]

A man in debt
No rest will get
Until he's in the tomb.
His cares will weigh
So heavy though
Will shroud his life with gloom.

He'll practice guile;
And never smile;
His head with pain will ache;
He'll grieve and sigh
And want to die;
And thus his troubles shroud.

But owing none
He'll have more fun
Than any king that reigns;
He'll live in bliss;
His health is firm;
And he long life attains.

Without a doubt
All can keep out
Of debt if only they
Will never buy
And cash down always pay.
—H. C. DOUGLASS, in "Detroit Free Press."

Occultism.

[Henry Sheffield, M. D., in Spiritual Offering.]

Occultism is a mysterious and hidden subject, but is not claimed by its adepts to be miraculous or supernatural. It is a doctrine of cause and effect, according to nature's highest laws. The extent of nature's forces are but little understood. Occultists claim to understand forces in nature more subtle than electricity. These forces have been studied by them for thousands of years, communicated from one to another of selected initiates. These adepts, or brothers, are scattered throughout the East, but principally in India. India is the fountain-head of the highest and most secluded culture on the earth. These adepts retire to a high point of the Himalaya mountains, where the air is pure and exhilarating, lead celibate lives, subsist on milk and plain food, and abstain from animal nutriment. The adept does not create anything new, he but utilizes the material nature has in store around him, and which has passed through many different forms during the ages. These brothers know they have a material soul within, because they are able to dissociate it from their own bodies and restore it again. This fact is of the highest spiritual importance and interest to mankind. Occultists, then, are constructive of a genuine practical brotherhood, co-workers of nature for the good of mankind. Humanity is the great orphan of earth, and therefore, it is the duty of every man, who is capable of an unselfish impulse, or act, to do something to promote its welfare.

The scientist has never suggested any proof that nature should prefer matter to be indestructible under organic and not inorganic forms. We readily perceive there are many things in nature we do not understand. We must not, therefore, be too positive that acts performed by occultists cannot take place, unless we are acquainted with all the vast possibilities that exist in the universe. Exact experimental science has nothing to do with morality, virtue and philanthropy. Scientists have nothing to do with man outside of a cold classification of material facts. They have collected and generalized many facts, and invented technical phrases to hide their want of knowledge of that which exists beyond them. Scientists have been groping after such knowledge as has been known to occult philosophy for many centuries. It is true that modern investigation has learned much about ancient mysteries. Scientific teachings in the early ages were transmitted in secret organizations. Modern research in science suggest the idea that when the body is destroyed nothing survives.

Occultists understand the circulation of the life principles as fully as anatomists do the circulation of the blood. They know the soul to be an actual entity with properties which can be examined in connection with the body, or separate from it. They know the soul lives, is more ethereal than the body, but material, although its atomic weight can not be ascertained. The atmosphere can not be weighed, yet its materiality is inferred by the part it takes in the transmission of light. In like manner the materiality of the soul can be inferred by its subjection to force. A force emanating from the mesmerist can subject the soul of his subject at a distance. Occultism is a continuation of what we see in physics extended into metaphysics.

Occultists possess that knowledge, which is of the most importance to every man who is desirous of living up to the high rank he holds in creation, and to learn his condition after his physical body becomes disintegrated.

The adept learns that his life beyond the tomb will be the result of his acts, words and thoughts while in the body. If that life has been works of benevolence, charity and virtue, his usefulness and contentment will be infinitely greater than if good works do not follow him. The universal belief of mankind is, that the soul survives the dissolution of the body, yet they all admit they know but little about it. The occultist can project his soul from his own body to any point he pleases with the rapidity of thought. He can perceive it distinctly as something separate and apart from himself, and it can be recognized by his brothers. To them, this is positive proof of immortality of the soul.

The bigotry and egotism of the people of the West, have prevented them from researches in this direction, concerning which, great numbers of Hindoos are familiar. The truths of occultism can be ascertained by those who seek diligently for them in the proper manner.

Fables for the Times.

THE RABBIT AS A SPECULATOR.

A sagacious rabbit once bought a young wolf for a trifling sum, and determined to raise him; but when the wolf became big and strong he waited till Thanksgiving-day, and then killed the rabbit and dined on the carcass.

Moral—This fable teaches the insecurity of foreign investments, and intimates that the hen that hatches out a strange egg is liable to obtain an unnatural child.

THE LITERARY JACKASS.

A jackass, desiring to achieve a literary reputation, and being conscious of a natural deficiency, copied off one of the finest passages from the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and sent it to a magazine. The

manuscript was rejected, and a note came back with it stating that the writer lacked fancy and imagination, and advising him to cultivate Wheelerian fervor and Whitmanic strength.

Moral—This fable hints at the infinite caprice of literary acumen.

THE TURTLE AND THE FLY.

A turtle was once swimming in a creek, and saw a fly floating on the surface. "Now," said the turtle, "here's a fine smack, and my appetite is good. Lucullus dines with Lucullus to-day." Then the turtle snapped up the fly, but the next moment was caught on a hook and thrown violently upon the bank, while an American president seized it by the legs, and several members of the cabinet stood by and swore that it was a mountain trout.

Moral—This fable teaches how hard it is to taste a watermelon without breaking the rind.

THE LION AND THE BROKER.

A hungry lion once caught a Wall-street broker and carried him into the woods, intending to eat him; but, before beginning his repast, the royal beast laid his lunch on the ground and took a nap. While the lion was asleep the cunning broker took out his pocket-knife, carefully skinned the lion without waking him, and then carried the skin off and sold it as a buffalo robe.

Moral—This fable illustrates the uncertainty of the stock market.

Why He Quit Drinking.

Recently a commercial traveler in Chicago was invited to drink by his friends, and to their surprise he said he had "sworn off." He gave this reason: "I called yesterday on a customer who keeps a pawnshop in connection with his other business. While I was there a young man, wearing threadbare clothes, and looking as hard as if he hadn't seen a sober day for a month, came in with a little package in his hand. He unwrapped it, and handed the article to the pawnbroker, saying, 'Give me ten cents.' And, boys, what do you suppose it was? A pair of baby shoes—little things, with the buttons only a trifle soiled, as if they had been worn only once or twice. 'Where did you get these?' asked the pawnbroker. 'Got 'em at home,' replied the man, who had an intelligent face and the manner of a gentleman, despite his sad condition. 'My wife bought them for baby. Give me ten cents for 'em—I want a drink.' 'You had better take the shoes back to your wife; baby will need them,' said the pawnbroker. 'No; s-she won't, because she's dead. She's lying at home now—died last night.' As he said this the poor fellow broke down, bowed his head on the show case, and cried like a child. 'Boys,' said the drummer, 'you can laugh if you please, but I—I have a baby at home and I solemnly swear I'll never drink another drop.'"

AMONG the weddings which have been authoritatively announced as to come off soon, says a Washington correspondent, is that of General McCook, secretary of the Senate. Yesterday, Senator Chace, of Rhode Island, carried around among the senators a subscription paper for a silver service to be presented to the secretary and his bride. When he went to Senator Dawes, who is a little deaf, he said exactly what he had said to the other senators—that "McCook is to be married, and I think it will be a nice thing for us to contribute five dollars apiece for a little testimonial to him." Mr. Dawes apparently heard what his friend Mr. Chace said, but he showed no enthusiasm over the subject, and he did not open his pocket-book. After a minute or two, as he said nothing, Mr. Chace got up and walked away, having his own opinion of the liberality of the Massachusetts senator. In a little while Mr. Dawes got up, too, and sauntered over to the seat of Mr. Aldrich, the colleague of Mr. Chace. "Aldrich," he said, "what is the matter with Chace? He came to me just now and said his cook was going to be married, and he wanted me to give something for a wedding present. I should like to know what I have to do with his cook?"

NOTHING is more thoroughly mistaken than the idea that a woman fulfills her duty by doing an amount of work that is far beyond her strength. She not only does not fulfill her duty but she most signally fails in it; and the failure is truly deplorable. There can be no sadder sight than that of a broken-down, overworked wife and mother—a woman who is tired all her life through.—Sanitary Magazine.

TECUMSEH, Neb., is all torn up over a recent visit of Rev. Joseph Cook. He is said to have abused the citizens in a very ungentlemanly manner, and the Journal asserts that should "he ever visit our town again, he would either conduct himself as becomes a gentleman, pay a fine, or go to jail."

OF the seventy-seven persons now in the Utah Penitentiary for polygamy, thirty-five are English, twenty-five are American, ten Scotch, two Swedish, two Irish, and one each from Norway, Denmark, and South Wales.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Send for circular, price-lists and terms, to The New Home Sewing Machine Company.

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SAN FRANCISCO.

ARTHUR M. HILL, Manager.

June 5-31

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE STATION, FOOT of Market Street, SOUTH SIDE, at
8:30 A. M., daily, for Alameda, Newark, Centerville, Alviso, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, Wrights, Glenwood, Felton, Big Trees, Boulder Creek, SANTA CRUZ, and all way stations—Parlor Car.
2:30 P. M. (except Sunday), Express: Mt. Eden, Alameda, Newark, Centerville, Alviso, Agnew, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and all stations to Boulder Creek and SANTA CRUZ—Parlor Car.
P. M., daily, for SAN JOSE, Los Gatos and intermediate points. Saturdays and Sundays to Santa Cruz.
\$5 Excursion to SANTA CRUZ and BOULDER CREEK, and \$2.50 to SAN JOSE, on Saturdays and Sundays, to return on Monday inclusive.
\$1.75 to SANTA CLARA and SAN JOSE and return—Sundays only.
8:30 A. M. and 2:30 P. M., Trains with Stage at Los Gatos for Congress Springs.
All Through Trains connect at Felton for Boulder Creek and points on Felton and Pescadero Railroad.

To Oakland and Alameda.

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